

THE NATION

1865 Centennial Year 1965

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Council on the Future

A Proposal to Cope With the Gulf
Between Scientific Knowledge
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THE UN ON THE RACK

Anne Weill-Tuckerman

Reviews
&
Essays

THE COMIC PRISON

Albert Goldman

THE PROF. MART

Wade Thompson

LETTERS

Godspeed

Lakeville, Mass.

Dear Sirs: "Why the Students Revolt," by Bill Ward [*The Nation*, Jan. 25] made me wonder if this generation of youth in college is going to be able to seize the "tiger by the tail and subdue him," meaning world problems.

My college years were 1924-28. A niece of mine who was in Wellesley in the late '40s blamed my generation for the dreadful state the world had come to in World War II. She would lead, and things would be better! Now her son and my own, each aged 17, are blaming us both for giving them such a mixed-up world and they are going to fix it up. Well, let's hope they can. . . . They are clearer thinkers and they have shed superficialities of past generations, which is in their favor. They are on the right road and let us give them Godspeed. Mrs. Luke Leonard

Young Ike

San Francisco, Calif.

Dear Sirs: I think it only fair that someone balance Bill Ward's account of this college generation with what is, no doubt, a minority report. It is difficult to count heads to determine just where students stand on the basic political issues of the day, but there are a number of us young people who find it impossible to mourn the man who was responsible for the Cuban invasion, the bomb-shelter hoax, the general intensification of the cold war, etc. In short, many of us regard Kennedy as a younger, more stylish version of President Eisenhower. . . . To link such phenomena as the Berkeley revolt with the Kennedy image seems a little fatuous.

Robert Anderson

Motives at Berkeley

Berkeley, Calif.

Dear Sirs: Your article on the Free Speech Movement at Berkeley ["No Fair! The Students Strike at California" by Gene Marine, *The Nation*, Dec. 21] was the most factual and unbiased that I have seen to date. . . .

I would question only one of your conclusions: that the movement is at bottom another facet of the civil rights fight. Please note the two recent FSM publications, "We Want A University" and "The Regents." Art Comings

Relief for the employed

Laconia, N. H.

Dear Sirs: Bruce B. VanDusen's "Depressed Areas Built To Order" [*The Nation*, Jan. 25] overlooks one important reason for designating counties as "depressed areas." Decisions based

only upon percentages of unemployment are not adequate to measure economic deprivation. An employed Vermont or New Hampshire dishwasher with a family of seven and a weekly take-home check of \$37—by no means unusual—is hardly better off than his New York State fellow citizen drawing unemployment insurance of \$56 per week or his New York City counterpart drawing welfare checks of \$228 per month or his West Virginia fellow-in-misery receiving federal food amounting to nearly the same amount in value. Alfred D. Rosenblatt

Sacred relics

Yokohama, Japan

Dear Sirs: While I was an exchange student at Harvard University I read of an incident in World War II that is enough to make anyone mad—no matter which side of the battle he was on. *Life* magazine for May 22, 1944, published a picture of a skull of a Japanese soldier that an American soldier had sent from the South Pacific as a souvenir to his fiancée in Phoenix, Ariz. Further, *Time* magazine of June 26, 1944, described how a U. S. Congressman sent President Roosevelt a letter opener made from the forearm of a Japanese soldier killed in action.

I am a Japanese Buddhist priest. I firmly believe that as long as such thoughts of hatred and bitterness are not removed from one another's hearts, true and lasting world peace can never be achieved. I further believe that such relics of those who sacrificed themselves for their country should be treated with the utmost solemnity, for such remains are no longer partisans to a war now ended for twenty years.

I wish to devote myself to returning such mistreated relics to their homeland. If among your readers there is anyone who has received and possesses such relics, or anyone who has any information regarding such, please be so kind as to inform me.

I sincerely trust that the Americans will show such a spirit towards the slain Japanese soldiers as they once showed towards the fallen British of the American Revolution—such a spirit as is preserved in the poem over the grave of British soldiers at Concord, Mass.

*They came three thousand miles
and died,
to keep the past upon its throne;
unheard, beyond the ocean tide,
their English mother made her
moan.*

Shinko Sayeki

1-68 Horinouchi-machi,
Minami-ku, Yokohama,

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Vision of Invincibility

For sixty of his ninety years, Winston Churchill was a controversial figure, divisive in his tendencies, a man more apt at confusing his enemies than at leading his friends.

Then Hitler's panzers struck into France, and this man of squabbles became a man of battle. Overnight he made himself not only the leader of Great Britain but the symbol of England. He commanded the greatest rhetoric of his age, and in those days he used speech to trumpet a defiance that for perilous months was supported by little else. He abashed the Germans when he could not beat them.

Churchill's greatness consisted of one thing—he was a patriot in the old, now suspect, ringing overtones of the word. In the past, some of his own words and deeds contributed to the uneasiness with which we today regard patriotism, but in 1940 it was the one weapon England had and Churchill forged it. Out of a cigar, the V sign, a particular way of pronouncing "Nazi" and three or four phrases, he created the vision of invincibility. It was a work of superb imagination. Not for his books, not for his political views, but for the image of himself in a tin hat, Churchill lays claim to being one of the superlative artists of the century.

Directional Signals

The commentators on President Johnson's administrative budget are filled with awe by his skill in "gimmickry," "legerdemain," "sleight of hand," tricky bookkeeping and other budget-making magic. There is some basis for this admiration, not unmixed with envy, because in the American democracy budget-making is an art that requires the dexterity of a surgeon and the coolness of a space pilot. These days the Chief Executive must start with the universally recognized psychological necessity of not breaking the supersonic barrier of \$100 billion, a sacred figure beyond which lies political disaster. To stay within this limit requires some doing.

First, the Chief Executive, calling on the maxims of thrift which he learned at his mother's knee, ruthlessly cuts departmental requests by \$11 billion or so. In the way of mathematical juggling, the Rural Electrification Administration can be put on a revolving-fund basis, and other things can be done so that financial orthodoxy may sleep at night, however restlessly.

Yet the budget may give clear signs of a future trend, and the Johnson budget, essentially an Inaugural budget, does just that. Mr. Johnson's opportunity came from Mr. Kennedy, who boosted the military half (and more) of the budget by several billions. This excess, piled on earlier excess, made a plateau in military spending look like a declivity. (To call attention to this feature, Mr. Johnson did actually make a \$300 million cut.) Thus he was able to shift funds to education,

anti-poverty and other necessities of the burgeoning Great Society. It cannot be created overnight, but Mr. Johnson shows his good intentions by spending \$2.7 billion for education, up from \$1.2 billion, while anti-poverty is up to \$1.3 billion. Yet he has kept the first commandment, as *Newsweek* says: "Thou shalt not spend more than one hundred billion dollars a year."

But what will he do to keep the commandment—or more accurately appear to keep it—next year? The net result of the spending and tax changes, so his advisers estimate, is \$8.5 billion worth of stimulus to the national economy, nearly all of it in the latter half of 1965. This stimulus supplied by the budget, while not as large as in 1964, is still sizable. The economy should grow \$38 billion in the year. But even so, this will just manage to keep unemployment at 5 per cent. At this rate the Great Society is likely to remain a mirage for many millions of Americans. To cut unemployment from 5 to 4 per cent—the so-called "full-employment" rate—national output would need to be \$25 to \$30 billion larger than the projected goal for 1965. If the President means business and all this talk about the American ethos is not so much gas, tens of billions must be spent on welfare and education, and the only place where money like that can be obtained without a sharp increase in the budget is from the still swollen military budget. Even then, it will not be enough for a Great Society, or even a halfway great one, and the dread symbol of the \$100 billion barrier will have to be breached. But the present budget represents more than a skillful piece of "gimmickry"; the President has given a new direction to public spending: more in the civilian sector, less on the military side. He may not succeed in correcting the gross imbalance — unforeseen events may intervene — but his intention is clear.

R&D Can Be Useful

A cold look is being taken by both industry and government at things heretofore regarded as sacred. In the January *Fortune* ("Harnessing the R & D Monster") Hubert Kay quoted a leading research executive as predicting the explosion of the central myth of industrial research and development—"that if you spend enough money something wonderful will happen." Secretary McNamara is turning the screws on the lethal industries. President Johnson has been the foremost patron of space research, but NASA's ceiling is likely to remain at \$5 billion a year. For all government-sponsored research, the recent annual growth of 10-20 per cent has plummeted to 3 per cent, and in the next fiscal year may not increase at all.

Had it not been for the general business boom and the messianic delusions of the cold war, there would have been cutbacks in research and development before this. In a total yearly outlay of \$15 billion by government (more than 85 per cent for defense) and \$6

billion by industry, there must be a great deal of fat. People working in basic research should not be deprived—they have been getting the smallest slice right along. In defense R & D, on the contrary, some big academic personages and institutions have been riding the gravy train. Their protests against contraction in R & D, as presently constituted, deserve neither more nor less consideration than those of labor or chambers of commerce when a navy yard is closed or a company suffers a contract cancellation.

The generally wrongheaded character of much government-sponsored R & D is illustrated by the rather pleasant plight of the Boeing Company. Boeing's 1964 profits reached a record of \$42 million, but management is uneasy, because these profits came largely from civilian business in jet air liners, while government sales fell from \$1.6 billion in 1963 to \$1.25 billion in 1964. Traditionally, air liners have been civilian versions or adaptations of military aircraft, and there is still another benefit that a corporation does not want to lose. "The stimulus of a new weapons system," says Boeing's president, William Allen, "is of great value in itself." Part of this stimulus is the fallout of government-financed R & D. Without a wide base of government contracts, a company like Boeing cannot keep its engineers and scientists together, nor maintain the financial resources to compete for big projects, such as the proposed 750-passenger military-civilian aircraft.

Some consideration has recently been given to occupational conversion of research people. If the federal government gave out contracts to further useful technological developments, there would be howls of "socialism!" Nevertheless, the state of California, beset by slackening aerospace activity and resulting unemployment, is undertaking a pilot project that may prove significant. The state has asked aerospace companies within its borders to put some of their scientists and engineers to work on urgent state problems. One six-month contract has already been assigned to the Aerojet-General Corporation for plans to manage waste, including air and water pollution. The amount, \$100,000 is a mere speck on Aerojet-General's balance sheet; but Dan A. Kimball, its president, has assigned to the project the company's best systems team—the team that worked on the development of Polaris and Minuteman—and says he regards it as "one of the most significant economic developments in the country today." Whether or not anything comes of it, somebody is making a first attempt to divert R & D from its accepted preoccupation with death and destruction.

Fields of Friendly Strife

As a *littérateur*, General MacArthur never let one word do the work of two, so whereas the Duke of Wellington had declared that the battle of Waterloo was won on the playing fields of Eton, the General, when he was superintendent of the U.S. Military Academy at West Point, inscribed over the gates of the stadium a typically MacArthurian sentence: "On the Fields of Friendly Strife Are Sown the Seeds that on Other Days

and Other Fields Will Bear the Fruits of Victory."

Then, in 1951, ninety cadets, including almost the entire football team, were expelled in an academic cheating scandal. And now, a similar scandal has erupted at the Air Force Academy in Colorado Springs. Again the football team is involved: some thirty members of the Air Force team appear to be implicated, compared with thirty-eight Army players in 1951.

Are football players congenitally immoral? That is obvious nonsense. Broadly, the situation is that cheating is rife at many institutions of higher learning. Athletes are even more academically pressed than the run of students, and the more the sport is emphasized, the greater the temptation. It isn't friendly strife at all; the drive is to beat the other team at any cost. Concentrating on this barbaric objective, football heroes are not, as a rule, the most brilliant students. They are engaged in a form of moonlighting: one job is to win glory for old Siwash, the other to qualify for a degree. If a little cheating will keep the hero off the ineligible list, does anyone expect him to refrain?

There is no realistic dividing line between professional sports and the "amateurs" who play for the great universities and the service academies. A first-class college quarterback may be worth \$400,000 when he turns pro, and even while he retains his virtuous amateur standing he is subsidized almost anywhere with room, board, tuition, spending money, etc., worth \$2,000 to \$3,000 a year. If your son is just a good student, it may cost you \$10,000 or more to put him through college; if he is a good football player, you have no worries. At the service academies students are educated at public expense, but the recruiting is even more reckless than at civilian schools. One justification is that athletes are supposed to be superior officer material. Perhaps so, but Rep. Samuel S. Stratton is also correct when he says that "athletic professionalism is rampant in all three service academies."

It is all part of the generally degraded atmosphere of American life. The cheating athletes are no worse than a great many respectable businessmen, perhaps their own fathers. Economically and culturally, this whole way of life is lopsided, and it seems normal to us only because we are used to it. Cheating at examinations is only one symptom.

McGovern versus Nixon

Both former Vice President Richard M. Nixon and Sen. George McGovern (D., S. Dak.) have recently offered guidelines for a solution to the Vietnam problem. The contrast between the two sets of proposals is enlightening. Senator McGovern surveys the situation in statesmanlike fashion and brings the powers of reason to bear. Mr. Nixon is also realistic in one respect: His statement begins, "We're losing the war in South Vietnam"—which is precisely Senator McGovern's point of departure. There is no other contact between the two views.

The hallmark of political quackery is that no nostrum, however discredited, is ever abandoned. Nixon

—and he has plenty of co-workers in the Johnson Administration — proposes to extend the war. The accepted Washington term “escalate” has palled even on him; he wants to “quarantine” the war, using the Navy and Air Force to seal off guerrilla supply lines by bombing along the routes and at the staging areas in Laos and North Vietnam. Except for bombardment of targets within North Vietnam, there is nothing new here. Nixon proposes to punish the North Vietnamese within their own borders but, with humanitarian restraint, he does not advocate the use of nuclear weapons. He concedes that even TNT involves risks, but the alternative to carrying the war to the North Vietnamese is to make the Pacific “a Red sea.”

Senator McGovern, backed up by Senators Frank Church and Ernest Gruening, suggests a settlement to include five “minimum terms”—which, it may be remarked, *The Nation* has been advocating for the past three years. The first is a cease-fire and association or confederation between North and South Vietnam, with each government retaining full autonomy. Both Vietnams would be neutralized. General de Gaulle wants to neutralize the entire Indo-Chinese peninsula and nothing else really makes sense, but a beginning must be made somewhere. The North Vietnamese would not accede to neutralization immediately, but it is a talking point and, if a stable peace were achieved, the chances are they would not object. They were subjected to Chinese oppression for centuries, and their alliance with the Chinese Reds is even more a marriage of convenience than are most alliances between nations. Another McGovern proposal is that a UN unit should police the peace—not nearly as difficult a project as in the Congo, what with sensible statesmen like Sihanouk of Cambodia to give support.

The remaining McGovern suggestions are for constructive measures—renewed trade and rail links between the severed halves of Vietnam and a cooperative Mekong River development to provide flood control and hydroelectric power. Only a vestige of good sense is needed to show the practicability of these measures and the contrast they offer to an indefinite prolongation of bloodletting and humiliation, or to a turn of events which might make our position completely untenable. We intervened in a civil war which arose out of a protracted anti-colonial struggle, and our fate has been the usual reward of foreign interlopers. We must recognize our mistakes (not necessarily admit them—no Great Power does that) and retrieve what we can by negotiation. Senator McGovern has shown the way.

Jeremiahs and Pacifiers

All within a few days of one another, *Look* comes out with a story on “Automation—We Can Handle It,” *The New York Times Magazine* with “Automation Is Not the Villain,” *Fortune* with “Technology and the Labor Market,” the first of a series on “The Real News about Automation.” The *Look* piece tells about a 35-year-old metalworker who was displaced by automation at a Lockheed plant, whereupon he “studied the hell”

out of titanium, in the meantime working as an analytical chemist. Full of titanium, he was rehired by Lockheed, where he is now studying the hell out of cryogenics and working with a company subsidy toward a B.S. in metallurgy at UCLA. Is he exceptional? The writer answers with a one-word sentence: “Hogwash.”

In the *Times*, Peter F. Drucker quotes President Kennedy’s statement that machines are displacing 1.8 million workers a year, but shows that this figure represents the number of jobs that disappear from all causes and that, for the present, new jobs are being created at the rate of 2.5 to 3.5 million a year. That there is a grievous problem of unemployment among the unskilled Drucker does not deny, but he too relies on technical education to solve it. Charles E. Silberman’s *Fortune* article is largely devoted to rebutting “wildly and irresponsibly exaggerated” warnings by social scientists and a few businessmen. He accuses particularly Donald M. Michael, Charles C. Killingsworth, John I. Snyder, Alice Mary Hilton, W. H. Ferry and “the self-appointed” Committee on the Triple Revolution. However, he also concedes that the rate of unemployment is too high; furthermore, he anticipates that it will rise still higher.

What *Fortune*’s “Business Roundup” aptly calls “government policy focused on the forced feeding of consumption via tax reduction” has had a beneficial effect on employment, but will the next shot in the arm be equally efficacious? And if federal taxes are cut enough to produce an expanding deficit, what about inflation, which is always just around the corner in an economy run on Keynesian principles?

The Nation has never emphasized automation per se as a cause of unemployment and economic distress. In the foreword to Robert Theobald’s “Abundance—Threat or Promise?” (May 11, 1963), which inspired much of the current discussion, the editors said, “. . . attention has been focused on the wrong threat: it is not automation that menaces us. . . . The real threat is abundance.” That abundance is so badly distributed that relief recipients now number almost 8 million and have increased more than 40 per cent in the last decade, or twice as fast as population; nor does that figure include the millions of social security pensioners living in penury. The dispossessed are not permitted to starve and they have roofs of a sort over their heads, but present measures give not the slightest promise that their numbers will diminish or that they will receive a decent share of the benefits of the Great Society.

Writers like those cited are eager to allay the widespread fear of automation and its consequences, which was characterized at a meeting of the National Industrial Conference Board last year as “perhaps the single most important force in employee motivation, management personnel policies, union bargaining objectives and government domestic economic problems.” But better that the short-term consequences should be exaggerated than that they should be ignored or, worse, as in this instance, that the long-term consequences should be given a spurious gloss.

The UN on the Rack Anne Weill-Tuckerman

While the General Assembly has been frustrated by its financial crisis—which is really a deep-seated political dispute over the role of the United Nations and the meaning of its Charter—the organization as a whole is beset by pulls and strains which reflect changing attitudes of member states, from Indonesia, a child of the UN, to the United States, its principal founding father.

Indonesia's withdrawal from the UN seems final. The Secretary-General has had in his possession, since January 21, an official notification from the Indonesian Minister of Foreign Affairs, but he has not yet ordered the Indonesian flag taken down from the row of banners on First Avenue, or the Indonesian name plate removed from meeting halls and tables. This reluctance to accept the *fait accompli* of Indonesian withdrawal shows what anxiety the gesture has created in top Secretariat circles, which see in it a bad omen for the start of the "International Cooperation Year."

Officially, Indonesia has left the UN because Malaysia is now seated on the Security Council. Malaysia will hold this seat only until the end of 1965 and, conceivably, Indonesia could then return to the fold. However, its revolutionary attitude, proclaimed and demonstrated in words and deeds by President Sukarno, makes such a course doubtful. The election of Malaysia occurred, in fact, not in December, 1964, but on November 1, 1963, when a long series of inconclusive ballots in the General Assembly led to a splitting of the two-year term between Czechoslovakia and Malaysia, Czechoslovakia serving first. Indonesia's position today would be more logical if it had given notice at that time.

Moreover, Indonesia was always adept at demanding and obtaining what it wanted from the United Nations. The first colonial territory to win independence through the good offices of the organization, Indonesia began to wage soon afterwards a relentless campaign of intimidation and guerrilla warfare until, in

1962, the control of West New Guinea, the last parcel of territory of the Dutch East Indies, to which Jakarta had no valid ethnic or historical claim, was handed over to it.

One practical consequence of the Indonesian withdrawal may be that the "consultation" on self-determination for the ultra-primitive population of West Irian, which President Sukarno had pledged to hold by 1969, will fall by the wayside.

It seems clear in present circumstances that the Indonesian decision to resign its UN membership, far from being an expression of pique, represents a new and calculated stage of a revolutionary policy which aligns itself with the present strategy of China. The People's Republic, having been denied UN membership for fifteen years, seems to have adopted as a slogan: "If you can't join 'em, lick 'em." There are indications that Peking, enjoying tremendous prestige from its first atomic explosion, has lost interest in participating in the UN in its present form.

The fact that Indonesia has broken not only with the political bodies of the UN but also with specialized agencies dedicated to economic and social assistance indicates in itself that President Sukarno has declared war on the San Francisco-made machinery for international cooperation and peaceful coexistence. Indeed, Dr. Subandrio, the Indonesian Minister of Foreign Affairs, says it himself in the letter handed to Secretary-General U Thant:

We have come to the conclusion that our decision may become the catalyst to reform and retool the United Nations in spirit and in deed, lest the present atmosphere of complacency shown by the neo-colonial powers may undermine the lofty principles of the United Nations and consequently the decline of the United Nations as an international body for collective security and harmonious cooperation may become irrevocable.

Communist China has denounced in similar terms the "opportunistic" motivation of the UN in "toeing the imperialist line" — a criticism directed not only at the United States but also, tacitly, at the Soviet Union, which Peking blames for having become, under the guise of coexist-

ence, a party to "deals with the imperialists," in and out of the UN.

It matters little whether Indonesia has done the bidding of Peking or whether President Sukarno sees a larger role for himself in the Chinese policy toward the developing countries of Asia, Africa and Latin America. The fact is that Indonesia, the fifth most populous nation on earth, has become identified with revolutionary conquest, and espouses a Peking-made formula for the complete political emancipation of the underdeveloped countries, not through parliamentary pressure and economic advantages but through outright hostility and relentless struggle.

Sukarno's project for a new international organization, made up exclusively of former colonial territories and Socialist countries, the "NEFOS" (new emerging forces), as opposed to the old establishment, the "OLFOS," may never see the light; but one can expect that the Indonesian campaign to break or reform the UN will gain momentum, if not actual ground, at the second Bandung Conference, scheduled to open in Algiers this spring. Algeria, Albania, Mali, Cambodia and others are already echoing the line in the UN. The general response, however, is poor. As could be expected, the Soviet Union has opposed a plan aimed at robbing it of its self-proclaimed sponsorship of anti-colonial aspirations.

Indonesia may have deliberately chosen for its walkout a time when the UN is in the throes of a deep constitutional crisis. It is also the moment when the United States, its major founder and contributor, is subjecting the world organization to an "agonizing reappraisal." Whether or not a practical solution is found to the so-called financial crisis, the Johnson Administration is drawing some firm conclusions from the winds of change blowing over the East River.

The U.S. is entering, in relation to the UN, a realistic phase, succeeding the idealistic phase during which American interests were first served, then frustrated. As conceived in the Atlantic Charter and at San Francisco, the United Nations, peacetime successor of the "Grand Alliance," was based on the

Anne Weill-Tuckerman has covered the United Nations since its inception in 1946 as a correspondent for Agence France-Press. She is also a regular political commentator for the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation.

ideals of Western democracy, to which Stalin found it convenient to adhere while formidable Russian reconstruction was taking place. But the Yalta illusions of Roosevelt and Churchill soon evaporated, and the UN became for a number of years the world stage for the cold war. On that stage, the United States won votes and friends; it won, above all, UN endorsement to repel the Communists in Korea.

Then came the time of decolonization and the mass entry of new nations into the UN. Washington had promoted this development in the spirit of its anti-colonial tradition. The Truman and Eisenhower administrations made of the UN the keystone of a policy of friendship and assistance to the newly independent countries. Meanwhile, the Soviet Union was doing the same, only using more propaganda and less money. This led to repeated bidding matches for the favors of the new African and Asian countries, and more often than not the USSR won the bid. The new nations, having given themselves the political label of "non-aligned," refused in 1961 to condemn the USSR for the 50-megaton nuclear device it exploded in violation of a two-year moratorium. Today, some of the same nations acclaim the Chinese bomb as the "peace bomb."

To forestall the obstacle of the Soviet veto in the Security Council, the United States fostered larger powers for the General Assembly. Then, with membership increasing by leaps and bounds, Washington found itself on the way to being pushed aside by its young protégés.

The great test came with the Congo, which shattered many American dreams. Having worked harder than anyone to end the Katanga secession—thus to prevent fragmentation of the Congo, with the Communists taking over in some parts—Washington then supported Tshombe as the new head of the unified Congo, only to be accused by Africans of neo-colonialism and imperialism. An African clamor, duly echoed in Moscow, greeted the recent Belgian-American air mission to rescue civilian hostages from the rebel area of Stanleyville. Rarely has the UN heard such words of hatred as were heaped upon the United States by African representatives in the Security Council last November.

The financial problem of the UN



The Playboy

Macpherson, Toronto Star

is the direct result of the huge Congo operation. When that country presented its recent new crisis, the United States lost much-needed support for its proposal to deprive the Soviet Union of its General Assembly vote for nonpayment of peace-keeping assessments. Whether by naïveté or miscalculation, Washington argued that the relevant statute, Article 19, should be applied "automatically," thus hoping to pressure the defaulters into surrender. They did not oblige, and the United States was faced with a showdown it had hoped to avoid. In the ensuing negotiations, which have postponed, paralyzed and discredited the Assembly, the Afro-Asian group has worked for a compromise that favors the Soviet position. (It also happens to be that of France.)

These developments, together with the improvement of direct Washington-Moscow relations, have hastened the United States shift of attitude about the UN. Secretary of State Dean Rusk had already set the reappraisal in motion in January, 1964, when he contrasted power with responsibility in the General Assembly, noting that a two-thirds majority could be constituted by members who pay a total of less than 5 per cent of the budget.

The Geneva Conference on Trade and Development brought a further warning to the United States with the emergence of a group of seventy-five "have-not" nations determined to outvote the "haves" in the formulation of economic policy.

Last November, Washington refused to pledge its annual contribution to the programs for aid to developing countries as long as the fiscal situation of the organization remained unsettled. Then came a hint from American spokesmen that, in case Article 19 was not upheld in a confrontation, the United States would draw the necessary conclusions and review in the light of self-interest its future financial commitments to the United Nations.

This evolution parallels the basic attitude of the Johnson Administration, which gives priority to domestic affairs. The anti-poverty program begins at home. Disenchantment with the United Nations does not forecast a U.S. withdrawal, and the UN could again be a catalytic agent for political settlement in a serious crisis. But it is a devaluation of the organization; and it could mark the beginning of an American aloofness, which might be useful to the Administration should Communist China be admitted in the near future.

Poverty vs. Inequality: Diagnosis . . . Richard Titmuss

London
Not for the first time in the modern history of Western nations, poverty has been rediscovered and reappraised as a socially acceptable subject for public debate. Britain and the United States have recently put behind them, at least for a season, the thought—expressed so well by Bagehot, the typical 19th-century organization man—that “the character of the poor is an unfit topic for continuous art.”

In the United States, Michael Harrington, for one, has helped to shift opinion in favor of the poor. The civil rights movement constitutes an increasingly powerful force in the same direction, as does fear of juvenile violence—perhaps the political equivalent in the 20th century of working-class revolution in the 19th century. In Britain, the rediscovery of poverty has mainly come from respectable Labour intellectuals, not from the extreme Left; it has come from a nascent understanding of the limits of conventional welfare, and from a growing sense that after thirteen years of Conservative rule Britain is still a deeply class-divided society.

Both countries have now elected governments committed to act on the poverty question. There are, of course, large differences in approach, in the definition of what constitutes poverty in the second half of the 20th century, in the identification of “the poor,” and in the remedies proposed. In broad comparative terms, American public concern seems to be dominated by the issues of unemployment—particularly among the young, the Negroes and the casualties of technological change. In Britain, where it is much more broadly agreed that full employment is a responsibility of government and where color is numerically a smaller problem, the emphasis is different and less clear-cut. Poverty is being seen here in individual and environmental terms. There is the poverty of the aged, of fatherless families and of other mi-

nority groups. There is the poverty of an educational system that denies opportunity for a substantial proportion of the nation's children and allows them to leave school at 15, illiterate, unskilled, deprived. There is the poverty of housing and a grim and sordid physical inheritance from the industrial revolution.

But underlying these different public views on the priorities for an attack on poverty, certain general and often unstated assumptions seem to prevail in both countries—or so it appears to a British student of welfare who has visited the United States on four occasions since 1957, and has learned much from American friends and colleagues in the fields of social policy and social work. Politically speaking, there has been in both countries a shift away from the naive belief of the middle-fifties that poverty would gracefully succumb to economic growth. There is less facile talk now of dwindling “pockets of poverty”; more awareness that the problem is larger, many-sided and formidable.

This new realism was symbolized in a message sent to Congress in March, 1964, and published with the Economic Opportunity Act (“The War on Poverty” program):

... there remains an unseen America, a land of limited opportunity and restricted choice. In it live nearly 10 million families who try to find shelter, feed and clothe their children, stave off disease and malnutrition, and somehow build a better life on less than \$60 a week. Almost two-thirds of these families struggle to get along on less than \$40 a week. These are the people behind the American looking glass. There are nearly 35 million of them. Being poor is not a choice for these millions; it is a rigid way of life. It is handed down from generation to generation in a cycle of inadequate education, inadequate homes, inadequate jobs, and stunted ambitions.

This was no narrow, pathological definition of poverty. It was a challenge to action involving values, institutions and policies.

However, despite the *élan* of this diagnosis and of similar, though less arresting, restatements in Britain, another general assumption prevails in both countries: the poverty war can be painlessly won provided

there is sufficient political and administrative determination. It is not a matter of values or of conflict over fundamental changes in a market economy. It is more a matter of the administrative, organizational and manipulative skills of those waging the war. Since we have decided that there is still a problem of poverty, let us determine to solve it; all we need is activity, efficiency and programs that change the attitudes, motivations and employability of the poor.

In the American Job Corps program, for example, the task of the conservation camps is “to do far more than provide basic education, skill training, and work experience; they must change indifference to interest, ignorance to awareness, resignation to ambition, and an attitude of withdrawal to one of participation.” Hence, those with “serious emotional or psychological disorders” will not be eligible for the Job Corps. In effect, they will be rejected for reasons of work motivation (on what criteria?); they will be classed as ineligible to participate in American values. This categorizing of the poor by their personal characteristics is faintly reminiscent of the attempt by framers of the New Poor Law of 1834 in England to distinguish between the “deserving” poor and an “undeserving” pauper under class.

One appreciates the real, practical difficulties that face those who will run these programs. Indeed, they are so frighteningly complex that one is led to ask whether the diagnosis is correct, although at the same time one understands how it was reached. If the “culture of poverty” is to blame, then, logically, the social and economic system is blameless. It follows from such an assumption that one of the central questions for social policy today can be set aside; that is, *how to continually invest proportionately more resources in the “poor” than the “non-poor” without stigmatizing the poor by their personal characteristics and circumstances.* Separate and differential programs for the poor as a definable class must involve some test of poverty and, because such minority programs cannot escape the need to be “success oriented” (which means selection),

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they inevitably involve a test of personality and potential merit.

For more than 100 years the poor law was hated by the poor of England because it branded them. Whether the Labour government, with its proposals for an income guarantee in old age, will solve this problem remains as yet uncertain.

What is certain is that the political alternative to separate, deprecating programs for the poor is to channel more resources to them through established, socially approved, "normal" institutions: social security, tax deductions, education and training, medical care, housing and other acceptable routes. But what we are then discussing is something more fundamental: we are not defining "poverty" and devising separate laws for the poor, but embarking on a dialogue about inequality and measures to redistribute resources.

But it is poverty that has been rediscovered in the West, not inequality. To recognize inequality as the problem involves recognizing the need for structural change, for sacrifices by the majority. It involves approving categories of public welfare we have hitherto disapproved of. In short, it means a painful war. Our societies have not yet begun to understand the immense complexities and the political implications in a market economy of a realistic attack on the problems of underprivilege and inequality. Pov-

erty, said Voltaire in 1759, weakens the courage of the poor: poverty programs in 1965 may weaken the courage of democrats to face industrial and technological change.

Those political commentators, economists and sociologists on both sides of the Atlantic, who in recent years have been proclaiming the end of political ideology in the West, imply, directly or indirectly, that inequality is no longer an issue for our societies. Incrementalism in social welfare (to use the apt phrase of Miller and Rein) is approved: small-scale programs for small-scale problems. These observers of the scene do not raise questions about values and goals; indeed, they deny the need for basic change. So the concern is to find better means whereby administrators, psychologists and social workers can help and counsel the minority poor to abandon the "culture of poverty."

Seymour Lipset in *Political Man* spoke for many when he declared that "the ideological issues dividing left and right [have] been reduced to a little more or a little less government ownership and economic planning"; and there was general agreement that it really makes little difference "which political party controls the domestic policies of individual nations." With minor disagreements, parties of the Right and of the Left will both be concerned to alleviate those social injustices that still remain.

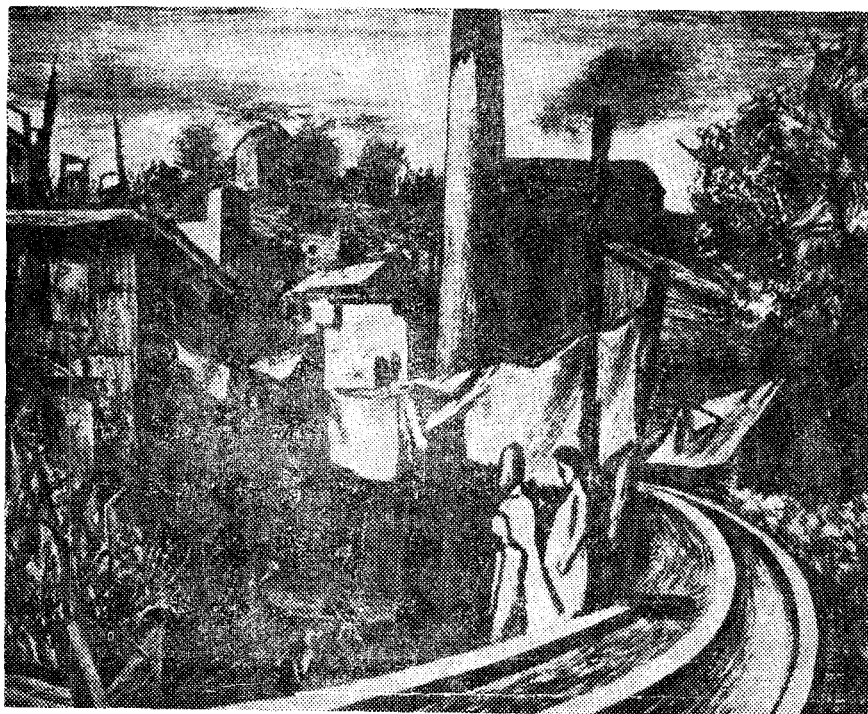
To quote Lipset again (though writers in a similar vein could equally be cited in England, France and Germany): "... the fundamental political problems of the industrial revolution have been solved: the workers have achieved industrial and political citizenship, the conservatives have accepted the welfare state, and the democratic left has recognized that an increase in overall state power carries with it more dangers to freedom than solutions for economic problems. This very triumph of the democratic social revolution in the West ends domestic politics for those intellectuals who must have ideologies or utopias to motivate them to political action."

It is conceivable that this statement may serve historians as a summing up of majority opinion in the 1950s, but from the perspective of 1965 it is, to say the least, a dubious proposition.

First, it is unhistorical. Implicit in the thesis is the assumption that the "industrial revolution" was a once-and-for-all affair. Thus, it ignores the evidence concerning the trend toward monopolistic concentrations of economic power, the role of the corporation as private government with taxing powers, the problems of social disorganization and cultural deprivation, and the growing impact of automation and new techniques of production and distribution in economically advanced societies. If the first phase of the so-called revolution was to force all men to work, the phase we are now entering may be to force many men not to work. Without a major shift in values, only an impoverishment in social living can result.

Second, it is a misuse of language to imply that membership in a trade union is synonymous with "industrial citizenship." Conceptions of what constitutes "citizenship" for the worker must be related to what we now know about man's potential and his basic social and psychological needs; they cannot be compared with conditions of industrial slavery in the 19th century.

Third, the thesis implies that the problem of the distribution of income and wealth has either been solved or is now of insignificant proportions in Western society. In any event, such disparities as do exist are justified on grounds of individual differences and the need for economic incentives, and pre-



Will Barnet

February 8, 1965

sent no threat to democratic values.

In 1960, 1 per cent of the British population owned 42 per cent of all personal net capital and 5 per cent owned 75 per cent. Even these proportions are underestimates, for the figures exclude pension funds and trusts (which have grown enormously in recent years), and do not take into account the increasing tendency of large owners of property to distribute their wealth among their families, to spread it over time, to send it abroad, and to transform it in other ways.

This degree of concentration of wealth is nearly twice as great as it was in the United States in 1954, and far higher than in the early 1920s era of rampant American capitalism. But since about 1949, inequality of wealth has become more pronounced in the United States, the rate of increase being more than twice as fast as the rate of decline between 1922 and 1949. Measured in terms of the increase in the percentage of wealth held by the top 1 per cent, the growth of inequality during 1949-56 was more striking than at any time during at least the past forty years.

Not unexpectedly, the distribution of income also appears to have become more lopsided in recent years, affecting most adversely the one-fifth to one-quarter of the United States population living below the currently defined "poverty line." These are not all Negroes; 80 per cent of the American poor are white, and only one-fifth receive welfare aid. Economic growth in the richest society in the world has not been guided by any automatic built-in equalizer. Crime is the modern form of acquisitive social mobility for the lower classes, particularly the unemployed youth.

There is no evidence to suggest that Britain has been following a different path since the end of the 1940s. It is even possible that inequality in the ownership of wealth (particularly in terms of family holdings) has increased more rapidly in Britain than in the United States since 1949. The British system of taxation is almost unique among Western nations in its generous treatment of the rich in respect of settlements, trusts, gifts and other arrangements for redistributing and rearranging income and wealth. This is reflected in the remarkable fact that in the mid-1950s the tendency for wealth to be



Spurrer: The Illustrated London News

concentrated in a few hands was most marked in the young-adult age group.

Such evidence as this is ignored by those who proclaim the end of political ideology. More than a quarter-century of political upheaval, global war, "welfare statism," managed economies and economic growth have made little impression on the holdings of great fortunes in at least two of the largest industrial nations, the United States and Britain, and similar trends are probably in operation in de Gaulle's France and Erhard's Germany. Wealth still bestows political and economic power, more power than income, though today it is probably exercised differently and with more respect for public opinion than was the fashion in the 19th century.

How can these great disparities in the private ownership of wealth and in the exercise of economic power be made to fit into the thesis that we have reached the end of political dialogue? No political utopia since Plato has envisaged such degrees of economic inequality as permanent and desirable states for men. Socialists do not protest at such disparities because of envy; they do so because, as Tawney argued, they are fundamentally immoral. History suggests that human nature is not strong enough to maintain itself in true community where great disparities of income and wealth persist.

Fourth, and finally, there is in the thesis expressed by Professor Lipset

an assumption that the establishment of social welfare necessarily and inevitably contributes to the spread of humanism and the eradication of poverty. The reverse can be true. Welfare can serve different masters. A multitude of sins may be committed in its appealing name. It can be used as a form of social control. It can be used as an instrument of economic growth which, by benefiting a minority, indirectly promotes greater inequality. Education is an example. We may educate the young to compete more efficiently as economic men in the private market, or we may educate them to be more capable of freedom, more capable of fulfilling their different potentialities, irrespective of income, class, religion and race.

Welfare may be used to serve military and racial ends—as in Hitler's Germany. More medical care was provided by state and voluntary agencies not because of a belief in every man's uniqueness but because of a hatred of men. Welfare may be used to narrow allegiances, not to diffuse them—as in employers' fringe-benefit systems. Individual gain and political quietism, fostered by the new feudalism of the corporation, may substitute for the sense of common humanity nourished by systems of non-discriminatory mutual aid.

What matter, then, what indeed are fundamental to the health of welfare, are the objectives toward which its face is set: to universalize humanistic ethics and the social

rights of citizenship or to divide, discriminate and compete.

In the past we have distributed resources according to success and failure in economic competition; in the future we must decide whether it is morally right to continue on this basis in an economy of abundance. To distribute services according to needs and not according to productivity will help us to discover equality in our neighbors. "Awareness of equality," wrote Daniel Jenkins, "always arises in personal relationships and nearly always confronts us as a challenge, for it means placing a greater value upon our neighbor than we had previously been disposed to do. We are all ready to love ourselves. The discovery of equality might be defined as the discovery that we have indeed to love our neighbors as ourselves."

And so we have to ask: "What are we to do with our wealth?" This is today a more relevant question than are those that seek to find more effective ways of punishing criminals, preventing abuse of public assistance, motivating men to work without creating jobs or providing adequate incomes, compelling them to save for old age

when they cannot feed their children properly, shifting them out of subsidized housing, inventing cheap technological substitutes for their education, and charging them more for access to medical care.

Science and technology, in alliance with other structural and demographic changes under way in our societies, call for a major shift in values; for new incentives and new forms of reward unrelated to the productivity principle; for new criteria applied to the distribution of resources which are not tied to individual "success" as a measure; for new forms of socially approved "assistance." They will make the conventional criteria of capitalism largely irrelevant.

Many years ago Keynes foresaw that the time would come when changes in values would be needed. When that time comes: "... we shall be able to rid ourselves of many of the pseudo-moral principles which have hag-ridden us for 200 years, by which we have exalted some of the most distasteful of human qualities into the position of the highest virtues. . . . All kinds of social customs and economic practices affecting the distribution of wealth and of economic rewards and penalties, which we now main-

tain at all costs, we shall then be free to discard."

We shall need different rules to live by; more examples of altruism to look up to. Indeed, our societies in Britain and the United States are already in need of them. In no other way will it be possible for us to prevent the deprived and the unable from becoming more deprived and unable; more cast down in a pool of apathy, frustration, crime, rootlessness and tawdry poverty.

In all this, social policy will have a central role to play. If this role is defined at all it will have to be defined in the language of equality and change. Here it is that ethics will have to be reunited to politics. The answers will not come and, indeed, logically cannot come from those who now proclaim "the end of political ideology"; those who would elevate the principle of pecuniary gain and extend it to social service by equating education and medical care with refrigerators and mink coats; those who advocate that more and more people should "contract out" of the public services and create for themselves new areas of privilege and discrimination; and those who think they can painlessly solve the problems of change by rehabilitating the poor.

Council on the Future Van Rensselaer Potter

Moral philosophy may be able to pose some interesting questions about unlimited freedom of scientific inquiry but the debate is conditioned by absence of practicable alternatives. . . . The answer to dangerous knowledge continues to be more knowledge, broadly shared by an international community of science and scholarship, and reliance upon the determination of man to grow in wisdom and understanding.

The President's Review

The Rockefeller Foundation Annual Report, 1956

As a scientist whose present and former students are engaged in the fight against cancer at a cost to the government of more than a million dollars a year, I am intensely concerned with the impact of science on society and the answer to the problem of "dangerous knowledge." As a professor at a major state university, I possess academic freedom in the highest degree, yet I feel accountable to society for the direction and consequences of my work. I cannot imagine a better world than the microcosm in which I live, but I am concerned about the future of the larger world that I will leave to

my children and their generation.

The feeling grows that scientists are finding it increasingly difficult to predict the consequences of their work, that technology has become the sorcerer's apprentice of our age. The concept of dangerous knowledge appears in a variety of images—the mushroom cloud, the usurping robot, the armless child of thalidomide. Many scientists object violently to the idea of dangerous knowledge, taking the position that all increases in knowledge are inherently good. This attitude is undoubtedly interwoven with our religious heritage, which assumes that

the world exists for the benefit of man and that human suffering and evil serve part of a greater purpose. I believe that the concept of dangerous knowledge is valid, if for no other reason than that it calls attention to one of the dilemmas of our society. Dangerous knowledge has been defined as knowledge that has accumulated faster than has the wisdom to manage it; in other words, knowledge that has produced a temporary imbalance by outpacing other branches of knowledge.

Basically, the problem arises from the gulf that is driven between the knowers or scientists, and the doers or technologists. As Oscar

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Handlin recently pointed out in *Daedalus*, the expanding scientific enterprise appealed to its own practitioners, the knowers, on abstract grounds, as a mode of progressively uncovering the truth—a good in itself. But it also drew the support of a widening circle by its demonstrable utility in improving the ways of doing. The knowers hesitate, because knowledge is never final, and the number of possible combinations of hazards is always greater than the number of individual hazards. But pragmatism has always been the test of success in our culture, and our technology has proceeded on the basis almost of a single motto: “If it can be done, and sold at a profit, let’s do it.” This viewpoint may seem in harmony with the world of the conservatives, but in fact it has been most responsible for changing that world.

The consequences of new knowledge have always been unpredictable—hence Michael Faraday’s classic remark in 1831 when asked what good is electricity: “Sir, what good is a new-born baby?” The present world differs from that of Faraday, particularly in the speed with which technology seizes upon new knowledge and converts it to action that will combine with other actions in ways that are unpredictable. In a world so rapidly absorptive, all new knowledge is potentially dangerous, but the word “unpredictable” needs qualification. The danger of new knowledge lies only in its application, and the unpredictability prevails to a very great extent because no specific effort is made to foresee the consequences and the interactions that may result from that application. Such effort should be organized as quickly as possible, because our political system—using the labels Democratic or Republican, or the subtitles liberal or conservative—has not up to now been able to grapple with this dominant political issue of our time. Yet no other form of political organization is inherently as suitable for such a development. Our basic devotion to the dignity of the individual, to nonviolent change, to the right of the minority to be heard, are minimal guarantees that must be maintained in any attempt to foresee the consequences implicit in the application of new knowledge, and to take more vigorous political action to control technology, while

at the same time preserving its magnificent potentialities.

We need to supplement the existing mechanisms for arriving at complex decisions that involve both facts and values. In this area present communications between scientists in different fields, or between scientists and humanists, are not adequate. Occasional symposia such as *Science and Culture*, reported in the Winter 1965 *Daedalus*, are exceedingly valuable but they are not sufficiently specific, and they involve only a tiny fraction of the nation’s intellectual resources.

I propose the formation of an institution that would be charged with predicting the consequences and interactions that might result from the application of new knowledge, an institution above politics and not responsible for political action. Such a “Council on the Future” would be interdisciplinary in the broadest sense and would necessarily be composed of “insiders” representing various associations from the sciences and the humanities. This professional group could be balanced by a democratic forum that will be mentioned later. The proposed Council on the Future would be a fourth arm of the government, instructed to consider the consequences of major research programs and to recommend support according to national needs. The council should represent not only the natural sciences but the social sciences and the humanities as well. It would have no legislative power, but should be able to recommend legislation in published reports to be considered by the Congress. Such a council could be formed by existing professional organizations. However, to be effective, it would need financial support and recognition from the Congress. It seems to me that the proposed fourth arm of government is needed to do a job that cannot now be carried out by the existing political party system.

This country and the entire world suffers from political systems that penalize the group in power if it initiates a program that will not come to fruition until the other group is in power, especially if the program involves a sacrifice at its inception. Thus long-range goals are sacrificed to short-range expedients. What greater barrier to progress could be imagined? In general, it appears that conservatives make all decisions on the basis of the

profit system, while liberals feel that if someone is making a profit there is probably something wrong with the project. The conservatives are pragmatists with the present in mind. The liberals are pragmatists with the future in mind and the present never quite in hand. The conservatives correspond to the classicists as defined by T. E. Hulme in 1926: Man is an extraordinarily fixed and limited animal whose nature is absolutely constant. It is only by tradition and organization that anything decent can be got out of him. The liberals correspond to Hulme’s romanticists: Man, the individual, is an infinite reservoir of possibilities; and if you can rearrange society by the destruction of oppressive order then these possibilities will have a chance and you will get Progress.

Perhaps what is needed is not conservatism or liberalism but realism—realism about the nature of man and realism about the nature of the world we live in. We are now talking about what every educated person ought to know and doesn’t. There is not presently available within a single cover any reliable authoritative summary of what one would hope a college graduate, or even a high school graduate, might be expected to know about man and his world and the relationship between order and randomness in each. Knowing involves knowing what we don’t know as well as what we do know, and there is little doubt that if a group of the best minds from seven continents were mobilized they could come up with surprisingly large areas of agreement on knowledge and ignorance.

It is altogether likely that a documentation of the world-wide intellectual view of the nature of man and his environment would confirm the worst fears of those who are convinced that our stockpile of dangerous knowledge is already too large. As a matter of fact, the concept of dangerous knowledge has always been with us, and the public mind has always had an instinctive ambivalence toward science. Ever since Adam and Eve were expelled from Paradise for eating from the tree of knowledge—“lest he put forth his hand, and take also from the tree of life, and eat, and live for ever”—the popular image of science has been less than holy.

As the old religious taboos on the

search for knowledge have been progressively weakened by the onslaughts of Darwinism and neo-Darwinism, and while all the Christians except the fundamentalists have managed to incorporate evolution as "the technique of Creation" into their beliefs, the modern biologists have gone far beyond the simple man-from-monkey image that was debated in the Scopes trial. They now take the position that "if you believe in a little evolution you have to believe in all of it." Evolution now embraces cosmology, and calculations seem to converge back to a reference point about 4.77 billion years ago, when it appears that inorganic elements first began to form from subatomic particles. Such calculations seem incredibly academic examples of "knowing," but they are part of the web of knowledge that led to atom splitting and atom fusion and to "doing" that changed the future of the world.

Similarly momentous are the theoretical extrapolations of evolution back to the point at which organic molecules began to form in the absence of life, back to the origin of the first nucleic acids and proteins, and back to the spontaneous origin of the single cells that were the ancestors of man and all other forms of life on this planet. Momentous because "science grew ever less inclined to replace old with new certitudes; it ceased to deal with deterministic laws and yielded instead tentative statements of probability." "Since Darwin's day it

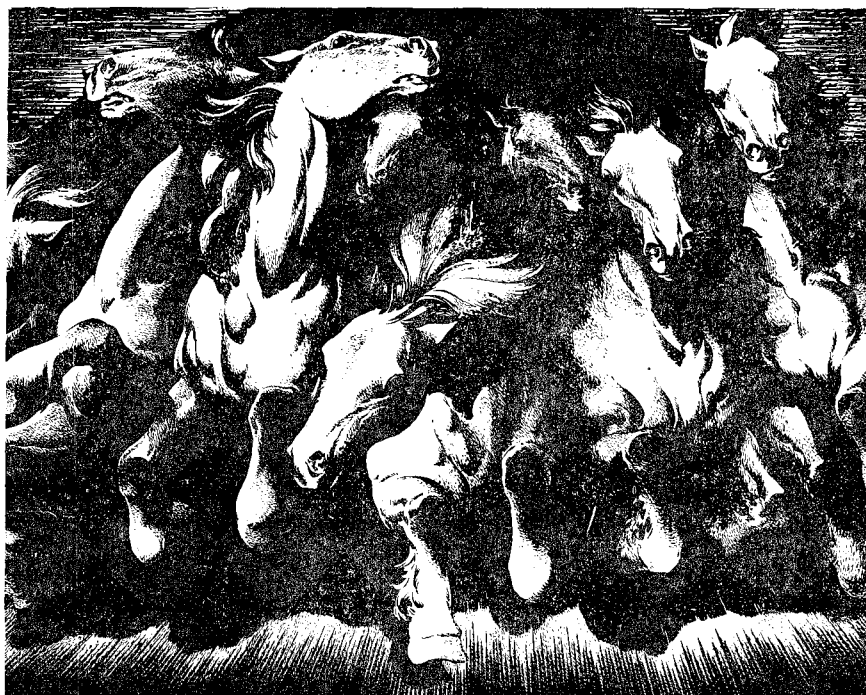
had been busily destroying the fixed universe of tradition; now it made clear that it offered no consolatory alternative of its own." No consolatory alternative because most modern biologists look upon evolution, from nucleic acid molecules to man, as a long series of nondirected mutations in which truly random events play an enormous role. Thus Ernst Mayr recently emphasized that even the regularities appearing in certain evolutionary lines are caused by natural selection rather than by any teleological, finalistic principles. The basic mechanism of evolution continually generates novelty and then asks of the product, will it work? will it do a job? will it survive? will it reproduce? If this is design, it is a design that is not concerned with the destiny of man.

In *The National Purpose*, published in 1960, a group of distinguished Americans appeared to conclude that the United States as a society is "uncertain of itself, confused as to the values it should be pursuing and the direction in which it should be tending." Almost simultaneously, a group of educators released a joint statement in the *Saturday Review* on the occasion of the Dewey Centennial calling for an educational policy that will "nurture minds intolerant of such immoral responses as cynicism, apathy, complacency, hysteria and despair." They pointed out that our society is precarious and not automatically self-perpetuating. Its fu-

ture is guaranteed only to the extent that men are equipped with the intellectual skills and loyalties that the future may require.

It is now clear that the accelerated rate of development of science and technology will continue, and that our national and international politics must deal with both the possibilities and the dangers of the revolution that has occurred in the ways of knowing and of doing. Society must pay more attention to the long-range consequences of our day-to-day governmental decisions. I believe that most scientists would regard the peaceful preservation of our earthly environment, and the balance between the population and the environment, as high-priority goals for the future. I believe they would agree with John Dewey that progress consists of movement toward a society of free individuals in which all, through their own work, contribute to the liberation and enrichment of society as a whole. I believe that a revitalization of our value system is both necessary and possible.

The problem we face is how to harness science and technology to the above goals, how to arrive at specific value judgments that would serve them. Earlier I proposed the formation of a Council on the Future, composed of "Insiders." In addition, we need a new international publication that might be called the *Journal for Mankind*, in which dozens of symposia in print would operate on a continuing basis and be open to the "Outsiders." All contributions would be brief and documented with adequate bibliographies, and the majority would be in the form of extended letters to the editor confirming or challenging previous statements in the journal. The contributions would be classified according to the problems under discussion, and might deal with a variety of topics that could be identified and segregated. Essays could be invited on the definition of human progress, the definition of a great society, the elimination of poverty, the question of goals and their priorities, educational goals and methods, race relations, religious revitalization, political revitalization, overpopulation, overconsumption, conservation of natural resources, help to underdeveloped countries, liberation of creative talent, the role of advertising, and redesign of urban commu-



nities. Each contribution would be subject to continuing criticism and rebuttal and each author would render an opinion and try to support it on the basis of his particular knowledge or background. Much has been said about the "two cultures" but only the phenomenon has been discussed. The time has come to provide a forum in which views from all sides of the academic community may be heard for what they are worth in specific situations, and in defining new problems.

The proposed journal would provide a source of expert testimony that could supplement the Council on the Future. It could help inform legislators and administrators and could provide source material for journalists and writers. It would permit busy scientists and other scholars to maintain their primary professional competence while at

the same time bringing their knowledge to bear on the building of a better world. The proposed journal should be partly subsidized in order to achieve wide distribution and low subscription rates.

It may be thought that the volume of contributions might be either overwhelming or negligible, or that none of the right people would contribute. But when a leading physiologist wrote an article on race problems for a recent issue of *Science*, numerous readers were moved to comment at length. Margaret Mead has made a series of proposals on The Future as the Basis for Establishing a Shared Culture which would serve admirably as a type of article that would invite comment and continuing discussion.

It is clear that world opinion is reaching a shared body of assumptions that, for better or worse, place

the destiny of man in the hands of science and technology. If we are to preserve the dignity of the individual, and if the human species is to survive and prosper, we need to cultivate the world of ideas and perfect the techniques for arriving at value judgments in areas where facts alone are not enough. I have suggested specific kinds of organized, printed and circulated continuing open-ended discussion in which we maintain the right of the minority in the House of Intellect to be heard. Some effort at humanistic cooperation along these lines is the least that science can do to advance the human condition, and to help improve the balance between the knowers and the doers, between values and technology. Unless the present imbalance is corrected soon, our world will be lost whether or not there is a nuclear war.

The Well-Informed Spy David Cort

The perfect spy is not the judo and seduction champion of spy fiction, but merely a well-informed man, sober, painstaking, ingenious, socially eligible, with a solid career, a wife and children, and a first-class camera. This spy is very productive and very hard to catch.

The press is now trying to digest this paragon in the person of Colonel Stig Eric Constans Wennerstroem of the Swedish Air Force, who was at least a double agent from 1948 to the day of his arrest in June, 1963—a span that makes the profession almost reputable. The censored burden of his evidence in Stockholm has been reprinted by the U.S. Senate Internal Security Subcommittee and released by its chairman, Senator Eastland of Mississippi, November 30, 1964.

According to Wennerstroem, U.S. intelligence, as it is called, now employs more than 100,000 people; Soviet intelligence more than 150,000. Information must be obtained between wars; when the shooting starts, it is too late, as the United States discovered in World War II. Most good information comes from a jigsaw puzzle pieced out of bits from many sources.

David Cort's latest book is Social Astonishments (Macmillan).

Each duplicating tidbit is a check on the reliability of the others. American intelligence is (or was) so crude that it used Wennerstroem's actual name in a coded radio message which the Russians monitored, and readily deciphered. The exposure scene, when the Russians accused him of being a double agent, must have been terrifying. The Russians forgave him (frightened, he was presumably more valuable than ever), but he did not forgive the Americans whom he gulled from then on. His fury at the Americans is understandable; he simply did not realize that at the heart of the great American know-how, there is that endearing tendency to goof off.

Wennerstroem never goofed. Very early he wanted to be better informed, and during a few idle weeks in 1930 took up the study of Russian. In 1933, he won a scholarship to study Russian further in Latvia, where he met an American officer serving in the British secret service who occasionally went into Russia in Latvian uniform. Wennerstroem was intrigued by the glamour of the masquerade. He also proved to be a local success in diplomatic society, "a peculiarly individual form of social life," for which his perfectly correct manners fitted him. By 1940 it was natural that he

should become the Swedish air attaché in Moscow, where at that particular time everybody was spying on everybody and "you could see how some information items went round and round in circles." The Nazis were the first to spot his abilities and he shared his good information with them; in return, they cut him in on their arrangement to buy cheap rubles from the Japanese who sent a regular ruble courier to Iran. He thought, perhaps incorrectly, that the Kremlin had learned of Hitler's Barbarossa plan against Russia. Back in Stockholm before the invasion, he got on especially well with the embassy personnel of the United States, the USSR (Madame Kollontay) and Nazi Germany, a catholic choice of friends. To the last he provided the Germans with free information that won him the favorable attention of General Gehlen's intelligence outfit. He wrote a military aviation column for a Swedish newspaper, for which he had contempt, and he did not yet consider himself a spy.

The war ends, and the United States realizes it badly needs an intelligence organization, and here is General Gehlen with his thriftily hoarded Nazi records, and here is the name of Wennerstroem as "a

valuable contact." And he has been named as the Swedish air officer to attend the Moscow show of new planes in 1946. U.S. intelligence has the wit to get in touch with him once, but not again. (Ah, well.)

However, in 1948, when he is posted to Moscow as air attaché, U.S. intelligence gives him a "task," as he always calls it. The document requested is inaccessible in the Moscow public library, but he finds that it can be seen in the Leningrad library, and there he photographs it. The Americans now become very irritable when he refuses to reveal his "source," which seems to them miraculous. In fact, he won't tell because he is afraid the Americans will louse up this marvelous hole in the Soviet security curtain. Here one must sympathize with Wennerstroem, the well-informed man on the high wire: these Yankee pranksters jiggle the wire.

The Russians had earlier approached him: a meeting on the

Moscow street with alternative times, a chauffeured car, a Moscow apartment, a suburban villa, and the sales talk that NATO threatened Russia on all its borders. "The United States was the nucleus and the United States was the main enemy of the Soviet Union."

This is very one-sided thinking, but the perfect spy is truly objective. Wennerstroem was equally sympathetic to Nazis, Communists and Americans; each was dealing with a set of problems on which perhaps Wennerstroem was well informed. That was his pride, and the Russians respected it.

At the first Moscow meeting, Wennerstroem recalls, his chief turned to the security chief and told him to "protect my person" and "see I was not shadowed by any irrelevant organization." His afflatus is almost audible. He was given the code name of "Ornen" or Eagle, and later designated a "top agent" with

the Russian rank of major general. Wow! A Moscow telephone was manned twenty-four hours a day for his calls alone. When a certain Russian car was standing outside his home or the embassy, he was to phone in. Eventually he felt like "a trusted member of a powerful organization": a very comfortable feeling. In the early 1950s, his main job was to identify American bomb targets in Russia. These proved to be power plants, anti-aircraft concentrations and the entire grain area of the Ukraine and Kuban. There was no indication here of plans for overland invasion, and this information saved the Russians billions. Working for both the United States and Russia, Wennerstroem saw both their target maps, and enabled the Russians to photograph the American one.

The Russians absolutely convinced him that Russia would be in terrible peril all through the fifties until they could develop long-range missiles: the Russian efforts were therefore purely defensive, the Americans' purely offensive. If one comes of an adamantly neutral background, this conclusion is understandable, especially if the Americans one deals with are full of braggadocio and the Russians act apprehensive and sympathetic.

As Swedish air attaché in Washington, and also purchasing agent, Wennerstroem could give the Russians masses of nonrestricted details of American military products, and of some restricted and secret material. His pockets were full of microfilm. He visited numberless plants and bases, welcome both as a friendly NATO attaché and a prospective customer for the products. He always went first to the "top chiefs"; subsequently their subordinates were very cooperative. He also cultivated the wives. These were his two keys to American industrial-military society: bureaucracy and gynocracy.

For fifteen years he passed film to the Russians, undetected. Sometimes it was done with a trick handshake, sometimes by leaving it in an overcoat pocket in a cloakroom and whispering the hanger number, sometimes by using a locked bathroom cabinet as a drop. One never acted furtively; the passing was best done at a reception or at the Pentagon. One never carried a brief case, only a paper or plastic bag. At private indoor meetings, very



loud radio music was played. For material that could be traced back to him, Wennerstroem was given special Russian film which only the Russians could develop. At street meetings, one customarily swung the left hand freely; in case of danger, the hand was in the pocket. While in Washington, he drew an average of \$750 a month from the Russians. When he was arrested, the Russians still owed him enough to retire on.

A chill that lingers on is imparted when the Russians tell him they already have sufficient contacts in the Pentagon, NATO, certain embassies, U.S. air bases and military forces, and the ICBM organization. Yet he says that even Soviet intelligence has its limitations; it is not thorough globally, but concentrates on the United States.

The American press coverage of Wennerstroem has based itself on the proposition that a spy must be some kind of nut. This is dubious psychiatry. True, Wennerstroem had no close friends, but there are many such men. True, he picked a flighty wife, but she balanced his own

leadens sobriety. True, he tried to commit suicide in prison, but it was a half-hearted attempt. He was the model of the objective, well-informed man who had the luck to find an outlet for his information and the taste to play dangerous games. Other men gamble or philander; he spied. To diplomatic society he was as expected as the wallpaper, always the same, never a problem, in contrast to his wife, Ulla-Greta. He also had some problems with his daughters. All very disarming.

The probabilities are against so long a career of espionage: the passing, the meetings, the trips. Some day somebody's eye must catch two separate events, individually innocent but forming a suggestive pattern. In 1959, his Swedish associates grew suspicious, and from that time the Swedish security police watched him, tapping his telephone and following him about. His technique was so flawless that they could not arrest him until June, 1963, and then only because they at last fearfully enlisted his chambermaid, Mrs. Rosen, who had been leery of him for a long time. He was sentenced a year later to life im-

prisonment, with possible parole in ten years when he is 68.

The episode makes a comment on the modern man's ideal of being well informed and one up, getting the latest, furthest-inside information, soonest. This obsession with objective data must blunt the individual's personal relationships and may even explain some of the "alienation" everybody is talking about. I am just as alienated as anybody but at least I am no longer in a hurry to read the latest news. One reason may be that I am interested in history and geography. The latest event is rarely new, but rather the latest point in a historic or geographic progression or cycle. For example, one could disconcert the well-informed man by telling him that 700 years ago Moscow was ruled from Peking and that behind this historic fact lies the geographic answer, a matter of isotherms, to invading Russia with the least possible pain.

By now this is doubtless a secret so profound that even Wennerstroem could not have found the documentation for it to put on microfilm.

Making Free Speech Audible . . . Charles A. Reich

In their efforts to speak, to question, to protest and to be heard in the impersonal din of the modern world, Americans have increasingly sought new and more effective means of expression. They have hung clotheslines in front yards, bought advertising space in newspapers, driven sound trucks through the streets, and invented organizations to pursue every imaginable objective. By far the greatest innovators have been the civil rights campaigners. Among their techniques are freedom rides, mass demonstrations, passive resistance, sit-ins, lie-ins, stall-ins, the March on Washington and an unprecedented recourse to law and the courts.

These methods of expression have had their price. They have interfered with education, property rights and law enforcement, and sorely tested the tolerance of the majority. Sometimes they lead to violence.

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And almost always they create dilemmas for the law as it struggles with the ever-present conflict between liberty and self-government.

The use of new forms of "speech," with the resulting strains and difficulties, is but symptomatic of a profound underlying problem. In the United States today, an individual with something to say is largely free to mount a soapbox, print and distribute leaflets, or hire a hall. If he is lucky, he will attract a few listeners or readers, but he will probably be unable to reach any substantial segment of the public. This is an age of mass communications media, the chief avenues of which are the newspapers, broadcasting, magazines and books.

Newspapers are probably still the most important. Measured by the standard of reporting news and opinion from many different points of origin, their performance is seriously inadequate. Newspapers are fed by large organizations; the wire services are a major source, and

so are syndicates, public relations handouts and news releases by government agencies. Few newspapers search out much news on their own, and few are willing to print all the news they do get. There are limitations of space; many newspapers cut down even the abbreviated wire service stories. There is pressure from advertisers; and even without that pressure, newspapers, being themselves big business, would likely lean naturally to a business point of view. Competition has not provided a remedy for these conditions, for more and more newspapers occupy monopoly positions. Taken together, these factors produce newspapers which fail to provide an avenue through which dissent or protest can reach the public. Thus it was possible, to cite only a single example, for the voice of the Negro to be unheard until mass demonstrations and violence at last forced open the news and opinion columns.

The second great avenue is broad-

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casting. Unlike the newspapers, radio and television are regulated, and an important requirement is that they offer the public information from opposing points of view. Nevertheless, the failure of radio and television is even greater than that of the newspapers. In practice, government regulation requires only that differences among established views be aired. If Republicans speak, so must Democrats; if tax cutters are heard, so must be those who want a balanced budget. But the promotion of fresh ideas is not required. Regulation itself stifles diversity; last year three mildly "controversial" radio stations were threatened with loss of their licenses, and were granted renewals only after a long battle. Aside from regulation, the airways are obstructed by forces similar to those which dominate the newspapers. Indeed, advertisers do not merely support the stations; they supply almost everything that is seen or heard. The air, although owned by the public, has been given away to the advertising media. Like the newspapers, the airways are controlled by large organization and monopoly; networks and packagers supply much programming; many towns have only one station, and radio-television station ownership usually reflects big-business interests. The universe of ideas is reduced by television to a flat and opaque screen.

Magazines and books are a third important channel of information, along with motion pictures and plays. Here too, minority views are hindered. The big national magazines are almost as inhospitable to "controversial" views as other mass media, and the news magazines seem determined to impress their own views. Books are much freer, but even here there is some control by major publishers and agencies of mass distribution such as book clubs. It may be possible to get minority views printed, but getting them to a large number of readers is another matter.

The narrow focus of communications channels is the more serious because impediments to communication itself are growing. In the first place, many of today's issues are enormously complex and subtle; hence much time and careful attention is required to make a point. It takes skill and patience to explain to a person not expert in



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constitutional law why certain religious ceremonies cannot be permitted in public schools. It takes even more skill and patience to discuss the woes of urban transportation, and to attempt to persuade rural voters that they could serve their own self-interest by supporting the needs of cities. The idea that a Negro should be treated "equally" may be elementary, but the problem of remedies, such as preferential hiring, is far from simple. Adequate explication of views on these and similar issues requires an uninterrupted access to the public for longer than would be possible at present on the most broad-minded television station, or in the most civic-minded newspaper.

A second factor impeding communication of new ideas is competition. The public is swamped by appeals to its attention. One need only walk into a paperback bookstore, or examine a magazine rack, to realize that ideas may fight their way into

print and into the stores only to be lost in a blizzard of written material that offers in a month more than a conscientious person could read in a lifetime. Thus the reformer's article, or the radical's slim volume, is almost as effectively banned as if a pervasive system of censorship existed. Indeed, burial can be a more effective silencer than censorship, for the censor stirs curiosity, while the grave muffles and deadens.

Swamping gives rise to an additional problem—the invention of ever more powerful attention-getters. As attention becomes harder to hold, amplification devices, like modern psychological advertising, are perfected. But these devices require money and a strategic position. Hence large organized groups, including important corporations, the major political parties and government itself, are able greatly to amplify their advantage in the struggle to be heard. The minority idea must pit its ordinary speaking

voice against the amplified blare of a government press release, or a corporation's insistent, penetrating, constantly repeated voice on the air. Attention getting is today such a science that an advertising firm can matter of factly promise to obtain a specified percentage of the market for a product in return for a given amount of money spent for advertising. In this situation, how can the poor pushcart peddler of an idea hope to get a hearing?

All these factors, however important in themselves, are but indicators of something more fundamental: the unalterable and unthinking momentum of a mass society, and of a bureaucratic society. Mass consensus presses ideas into narrow, established channels, and no one in the long bureaucratic corridors will take responsibility for innovation. As a nation we seem to be the prisoners of our own modes of thinking, basing both foreign and domestic policy on the ineluctable logic of a closed system. Moreover, the coming of the Great Society, in which government takes an ever more affirmative role, puts the weight of government increasingly on the side of existing institutions and ideas. The institutions of the affirmative state have thick walls against which new ideas flick ineffectually and disappear.

People who wish to express themselves do not stop to analyze. Usually they are strongly driven by wanting something, by indignation, or by feelings of injustice, and what they want to express is protest or demands. In seeking to make themselves heard, they improvise. By experimentation, they have hit upon two main devices: action and organization.

Action is an attention-getter with almost as much muscle as the mass communications techniques. Picketing, for example, commands attention, and applies pressure to achieve a result. But picketing seems mild compared to the techniques evolved by the civil rights movement. Its leaders, knowing the importance of getting the attention of television and newspapers, have perfected various forms of parades and demonstrations, including dramatic methods such as the freedom rides, the ultra-irritating combination of attention getting and pressure called the sit-in, and the "spectacular" March on Washington which reach-

ed the minds of even the most preoccupied people. But despite successes, the techniques of expression by action have a limited effectiveness. They can be used only for simple ideas. Moreover, action may not have a lasting effect unless it is repeated many times. And action produces unfortunate side effects. Violence, breaches of the



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peace, and injury to business and property rights are frequent results.

Another response by minorities is to organize. Organizations have risen to new importance in contemporary times. They may be formed to achieve a single goal, or to represent all the concerns of a particular interest group, such as motorists or ski instructors or police chiefs. An organization helps considerably to overcome the obstacles to effective expression. It gathers together enough money to make some use of mass communications; it joins voices so that together they can be heard; it has enough political strength to make some impression on government and on other organizations. The organization has become, at least in part, an answer to the impotence of minorities.

These innovations by the people have won gradual acceptance from the law. In the 1963 case of *Edwards v. South Carolina*, 187 persons were convicted of breach of the peace for demonstrating at the state capitol. The Supreme Court, reversing the convictions, held the demonstrators' actions to be constitutionally protected "speech." Earlier, in *NAACP v. Alabama*, the Court held that organization is a protected free-speech activity. Noting that

"effective advocacy of both public and private points of view, particularly controversial ones, is undeniably enhanced by group association," the Court said that "association for the advancement of beliefs and ideas is an inseparable aspect . . . of freedom of speech." In *NAACP v. Button*, decided in 1963, the Court went even further. That case involved the financing of litigation and assisting of litigants in civil rights cases. Virginia declared the NAACP's activities to be illegal solicitation of legal or professional business, but the Court held that the litigation itself was a form of political expression and therefore a protected "speech" activity. The Court said, "Groups which find themselves unable to achieve their objectives through the ballot frequently turn to the courts. . . ." The litigation was "speech" because it "makes possible the distinctive contribution of a minority group to the ideas and beliefs of our society."

In these decisions—more revolutionary than most people have realized—the Supreme Court gave its backing to efforts to achieve more effective means of speech. The First Amendment, instead of protecting a particular means of expression, is construed to protect a variety of means by which citizens can make themselves heard. In the future, the Court seems ready to follow the gropings of the people as they seek to overcome the obstacles to free expression. This is as much as we have a right to expect from the Court, which must protect other social values as well as free speech. But if there are to be open channels for free speech in the society of the future, remedies of a more fundamental nature may be needed.

Perhaps Congress should consider "public utility" legislation for mass communications media. Carriers of information, like carriers of passengers and freight, perform an essential public service. Accordingly, as they approach positions of oligopoly or monopoly in a particular area, it is arguable that they should be deemed to take on at least some of the responsibilities of public utilities. This principle seems most clearly valid for radio and television stations, and it might also be deemed appropriate for newspaper monopolies. For example, such a "utility" might be required to offer its space or time for sale

on equal terms to all those who wish to advertise their views to the public. *The New York Times* had to defend itself against criticism for accepting a controversial advertisement by the John Birch Society. Possibly the purchase of space by the Birch Society, or anybody else, should be a right, so that newspapers would be powerless to reject advertising on the ground that they or their readers disagree with its message. Beyond the question of advertising space there is the problem of "equal time," now imposed on radio and television by statute. This could be broadened to include more of the spectrum of opinion, and a like principle might be fashioned for those newspapers which are true monopolies. Perhaps Congress could require newspaper monopolies to give over some space for opinions which differ from those of the management.

Congress might also try to reduce the influence of advertisers over the channels of communication. It is often forgotten that the airways belong to the public, and that it is extraordinary generosity to turn them wholly over to advertisers. One compromise might be to forbid the sponsorship of programs, and permit only the purchase of advertising time itself. Another possible law might forbid advertiser interference with the content of anything printed or broadcast. Since such pressures are hard to detect, the statute would very likely have only a small direct effect, but it might give backbone to a paper or station with an urge toward independence.

Beyond this, greater efforts might be made to end monopoly in the channels of communication. The Sherman Act could be used more frequently in the newspaper field, and the FCC could avoid handing out multiple licenses to networks, to those who already own other stations, to those who already own newspapers, or to large corporations engaged primarily in other forms of business activity. The FCC's present allocation policy has allowed control of the media of communication to be tightly concentrated.

If we protected minorities in their use of new means of expression, and took steps to unclog the channels of communication, we would still have the problem of vastly unequal competition in the market place of ideas, because of tremendous in-

equalities among the sponsors of ideas. Perhaps we need more regulation of large private institutions, and more self-regulation of government. Congress might, for example, devise ways to insure more democratic consultation of members or stockholders before an institution or corporation exerts its great weight on a matter of opinion. Maybe there should be some limitations on political activity by large corporations. U.S. Steel, a major economic power in Birmingham, Ala., was urged to exert its influence to affect the racial situation. It refused, and perhaps in the long run it was right. A related form of regulation is the "purification" of the opinion process. Statutes requiring accuracy in advertising and labeling, registration and identification of certain propaganda and lobbying groups, and labeling of the source of some printed matter fall into this category, but this tool is sometimes used against minorities rather than as a regulation of majority power.

And perhaps we can find positive ways to strengthen the voice of minority views. Government already provides many forms of assistance to the dissemination of ideas; the subsidy to second-class mail is a well-established and important example. Government might make more public halls and auditoriums available free of charge for holding meetings, as is sometimes done with local school auditoriums. This helps free speech in general, and minorities in particular. Government might increase mailing subsidies for publications. The FCC could allocate more of the television spectrum for educational or public affairs, noncommercial broadcasting. And government might aid the arts, which are an important outlet for the expression of new ideas.

Perhaps the most interesting and significant innovation in dealing with freedom of expression is the possibility that government itself can be structured so as to foster differences. A government department could have in it a unit designed to represent a particular point of view, such as a consumers bureau in the Agriculture Department, or a bureau of natural beauty in the highway department. Some of the community-action programs connected with the poverty program find themselves promoting opposition to the policies of other public agencies; thus diversification may

grow up naturally within the seeming monolith of government.

All of these proposals have their shortcomings and their dangers. But it is both useful and essential that they be debated. They are not answers in themselves, but a beginning for the long and difficult process of thought that must come.

The theory of our Constitution and government, as conceived in 1789, was one of proportions. Various forces were kept in balance, and power was carefully limited and distributed. Free speech was guaranteed in order to make possible the functioning of the democratic process and to insure that society would be open to change. The dilemma of our times is, in one sense, a dilemma of proportions. Vast 20th-century resources go into the building of economic institutions. Most values are supported or subsidized by government. The space industry, basic scientific research, telecommunications, agriculture and defense all rest on a foundation of government assistance. Free speech must survive as best it can without affirmative help—an 18th-century privateer in an age of massed power.

There is nothing surprising in that. With the organization of society vastly changed, with government playing a gigantic new role inconceivable to the framers of the Constitution, it should not be expected that freedom of expression could continue to be assured by the same means that were deemed sufficient in the 18th century. Many of the changes we have experienced undercut basic assumptions about free speech, or alter the terms under which speech is possible. We have been occupied with building other things; we have not yet tried to use equal energy and resources to build an effective freedom of expression into the society we have brought forth.

The chief building material for a structure of free expression must be law, the guardian of our lasting values, the ultimate protector of liberty. A major effort in the law is needed—an effort equal to the best of our technological achievements. To create, by a triumph of social engineering, new means to preserve and nourish our precious freedoms in "this tough world"—that is the great challenge for law and government, today and tomorrow.

The Comic Prison

Albert Goldman

Marcel Marceau, the famous French mime, may have never heard a sick joke nor read a page of black humor, but he has danced the difficult truth of these ambiguous phenomena in his parable of the man and the mask. A little man playfully dons a comic mask. After cavorting about exhilarated by his disguise, he grows tired of the novelty and tries to remove the mask. Horrified, he discovers that he cannot. The mask is fixed to his face. A terrible struggle follows; his body writhes in agony while his face remains frozen in a grin. At last the false face is wrenched off, but the real face behind it is now simply a blank.

Marceau's clown could stand not only for the ubiquitous comic entertainers of our time but even more appropriately for the audience that increasingly has adopted sick, or black, humor as an important part of its own life style. The strident, caustic chatter of the sick comic is no longer confined to the little clubs, the downtown lofts and pads, the haunts of the underground. Now every neighborhood movie house, every suburban cocktail party, every college dormitory—and child's bedroom strewn with copies of *Mad*—rattles with the yelping laughter of people whose tightly leashed anxieties and resentments are permitted to bark only on a comic cue. The sick style is probably the most frequently adopted social disguise of our day: it provides a badge of sophistication, a smoke screen for social withdrawal, a spotlight for self-assertion, an ambush for hostility, a Masonic handclasp of belonging and a palliative for prurience. Ultimately, it can become a blind compulsion to fling every disturbing experience or emotion into the comic trash can.

So common today is the use of humor as character armor that psychiatrists at Yale have already responded to it by inventing a new therapeutic technique called "Banter." Instead of

the traditional medical earnestness and sympathy, the therapist adopts a joshing attitude toward his patient and then analyzes the wisecracks that come flying back. The strategy should have wide applicability. Millions of people are now squirming behind masks whose mirthless grins conceal the blankness of personalities inadequate to openly express or withstand the angry energies of the "cool" world.

Paradoxically, these masks are the very same that once afforded a great sense of liberation. For when sick humor erupted in the early fifties, it came as a catharsis of the anger, fear and rebelliousness brought to a boil during the McCarthy era. No mere fad, the new humor revealed the great depth and breadth of the need to sound off and purge the soul of perilous emotion. There were other sources: the atmosphere had been charged with comic potential by the surrealistic shapes of contemporary reality and by a widespread loss of emotional involvement with this reality. Once the subtle web of affects that binds us to life has been torn, everything looks slightly ridiculous. But ultimately it was *hate*—for the sick self as well as the sick world—that sent the satiric spark crackling across the gap of alienation.

We ought to ponder an equation, one that in time may become as decisive and as threatening as Einstein's famous atomic fission formula in postulating the likelihood of a disastrous explosion. In our society, as incitements to anger increase, the socially endorsed means for expressing this anger diminish. This begets another vicious cycle, for no one is less tolerant of hostility than those who have barely repressed their own rage. The final irony is that psychoanalysis, which has provided this diagnosis, has inevitably aggravated the condition by sensitizing us to even the most covert forms of hostility. As a result, we are compelled to adopt devious stratagems in order to express anger and yet escape punishment. Sick comedy, for a time, served us well as just such a dodge.

Then, several years ago—when the

sicks seemed to be dying—a remarkable thing happened. At what were once considered the opposite ends of the cultural scale, first in fiction, then in film, sick comedy was reborn in a shape far more bizarre than anything seen in its first appearance. The treatment of war in a whole series of productions from *Catch-22* to *Dr. Strangelove*, and the satire on sex from *Naked Lunch* to *Candy* made the old routines of Lenny Bruce seem as quaint as Jiggs and Maggie. But despite the enormity of the license assumed by some of these satires, the effects they produced were surprisingly weak. For true to the typical pattern of any novelty in American culture, the new humor has been overworked and underdeveloped, recklessly transformed in a few years from vision to *déjà vu*. At the same time its moral tension has been collapsed: for where the sick comic sweated and suffered and finally screamed forth the "unspeakable," the new slick sicks violate taboos with the lobotomized glee of Mickey Mouse. And where once there was the continual shock of surprise as one sacred cow after another fell over, impaled by a shaft of wit, now the satire has degenerated into the ritual slaughter of dead horses. Often the satirical intention is merely a specious cover for infantile sexual aggression and exhibitionism. Sick humor, in short, has turned into *camp*. Consequently, instead of providing that longed-for catharsis that was its original boon, it has become a soft, cheap substitute, both for immediacy and candor in personal relationships, and for freedom and integrity of imagination in the arts. Sick humor, like Marceau's mask, has become a comic prison.

But, even with its targets gutted wrecks like *Mother* and the *White Liberal*, its weapons rusty devices from the fifties, and its ammunition pasteboard bombs that explode like party favors, sick comedy is today, as *Variety* would say—"Smash B.O." Every week the book page of *The Times* shouts forth the good news of the latest comic apocalypse, juggling its shrill adjectives like a 42nd Street movie marquee—"daring," "hilarious," "outrageous." This echo of Broadway ballyhoo is no accident, for the novel is fast becoming a branch of show business with its writers located in Hollywood, its favorite technique the parody of an old film, and its vision of life on a par

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with an animated cartoon. Listen to this spiel:

There must be something more, this can't be all there is to life! So reasons undergraduate basketball star Hector Bloom, who thereupon sets out to seek a pattern for the world in which he finds himself (a few years in the future).

Militant espousal of non-conformism, "radical" thought, revolutionists, a mad race against death at a hundred-miles-an-hour down a parkway, love with a professor's wife, Zen, marijuana, sex, a stupendous extravaganza of a party at a millionaire's Long Island estate, do-or-die confrontations on the basketball court, strong protests against war—all these enter into Hector's search.

Underlying this vigorous, controversial, mocking, fantastical, violent yet withal humorous satire, there is a solid foundation of truth and honesty. . . .

Sounding like something one would read off a billboard in Times Square, this copy is from the jacket of Jeremy Larner's *Drive, He Said*, a book that was awarded the \$10,000 Delta Prize by a jury of eminent American writers and critics (Mary McCarthy, Walter van Tilburg Clark and Leslie Fiedler). The puff itself appears to be an incredible instance of commercial gau-cherie, but the novel it pitches for matches the sensationalism of the blurb. Larner's theme is a farrago of the frustrations, failures, grievances and gripes of the current generation. With patience, craft and penetration, he might have converted his catalogue of post-adolescent thrills and chills into a novel; but being an impatient improvisist, he surrenders to the mode and riddles off his stuff with the nervous, compulsive rapidity and incoherence of a Mort Sahl, keeping his audience off balance and his own guard up high. Jazzing his jerky narrative with lurid gangster-film horrors, hooking his reader into the next chapter with the cliff-hanging suspense gimmicks of the pulp writer—while always reaching for the never-fail Jewish gag—Larner runs on like a dying comic, too scared to wait for the laugh.

What is so disappointing about this kind of performance is that one knows that behind its trite grotesqueries there is most likely a sensitive suffering soul. But to articulate imaginatively his most profound feelings and ideas, he has to whip himself into an opening-night fever and flatten his thought to the Stone Age scratchings of the funny papers. Perhaps the moral is that the tawdry fantasy life of America does not permit the artist to attack

Jimmy's Father

When I was young
I would go over
to Jimmy's house.
I went again
years later and
I was busy
all afternoon
finding the street
where Jimmy lived.
Jimmy's father
opened the door
and shook my hand.
He hadn't changed.
He told me he
was Jimmy, and he
(Jimmy's father)
was dead. Had been
for years. For years!
He wasn't Jimmy.
Jimmy would know.
He wouldn't sit
and lie about
the things we did;
about the things
I knew we didn't
and couldn't do.
Jimmy's father
wouldn't tell me
where Jimmy lived.
He kept talking
about himself.

John Stevens Wade

it in any but its own sterile terms.

There are alternatives, however, to the crudely reductive satire that has inundated us recently. One possibility is to train our attention on the sick comic himself, not treating him after his own fashion, but employing the conventional craft of comedy to make him a character instead of a mere target. A modestly successful achievement of this sort is *The Sterile Cuckoo* by John Nichols. Embarrassingly square at first sight for its evocation, through half-amused, half-boastful reminiscence, of frat-house drinking revels, redolent of Dartmouth Winter Carnival—at second glance, Nichols' book takes on a deeper dimension. With astuteness and unfailing intuition, the young author has placed at the heart of his college recollections an absolutely unique yet broadly representative character named Pookie Adams. A comedienne, who has adopted the new humor as her personal life style, Pookie is the type of today's funny little old college girl.

The essential Pookie is engagingly depicted at the long overdue consummation of her first "affair." Having reeled in the narrator from miles below the surface of sexual maturity

(when they met he was absorbed in studying beetle copulation), she is faced with the problem of easing him off the hook. After driving through a terrible blizzard in a fabulously dilapidated jalopy, they have found their bower of bliss in a tacky motel, as cold as a cabin in the Klondike. To help the boy, who is numb with anxiety, alternately freezing and sweating on the brink of his first complete sexual experience, Pookie starts to work the room like a stand-up comic. Her fist a make-believe mike, she does an on-the-spot broadcast from The Kozy Kabins, conjuring away with laughter the lumpy bed, the embarrassment of the visits to the john, the getting undressed "bit." And after urging her lover to peel off her sweater and skirt, and maneuver the inevitably troublesome brassiere fastener, she offers him his long-desired sight of the promised land, turning around and around like a mechanical doll in her glasses and her loafers, keeping up a stream of self-disparaging wisecracks.

Although Pookie often appears a fragile, childlike moppet encased in a gauzy pink cocoon of Disneyland fantasy (she writes a poem to the "Lavender Grella," and discourses on a whimsical creature called the "Long-Billed Sneet"), her actions and daydreams suggest pathological hatred. Actually, at 18, she is a veteran neurotic with a classic case history. Cut off from her classmates by a bad heart, remote from her parents for whom she has no respect, Pookie spent her childhood concocting fantasies of revenge, acted out with frogs, spiders and other little creatures. Unconsciously associating "real feeling" with violence, she is compelled to destroy things with ruthless vigor, starting with herself. From one end of the book to the other, she is injured in a series of "accidents" that seem to pursue her with malignant fatality. In her eagerness to retrieve the body of a crow she has just shot for the fun of it, she lacerates her feet by running across broken glass remaining from target practice. Hurtling off the train to give her boy friend the hug she has been rehearsing for weeks, she knocks him to the ground in a fall that splits his skull. Some of the fantasies into which she escapes are masked by deliberate nonsense, but there is no mistaking the meaning of her favorite daydream: "to walk into a very crowded station some day with a machine gun and let everybody have it. She liked the idea of herself, skirt uplifted daintily, stepping over a rug of bloody bodies burping occasionally,

sending honey-colored bubblish souls up toward the smoky ceiling." Spunky as her efforts are to exorcise fear with farce, their ultimate effect is to make her a "sterile cuckoo," cut off from life by the comic persona she originally adopted to protect her deeply damaged personality. Pookie Adams is an emblem of the extreme precariousness of the comic adjustment as a means of survival, and the utter insufficiency, indeed severely thwarting effect, of this strategy the minute we reach for the genuine intimacy of friendship or marriage.

Granting that people have always used humor to dispel tension, to con-

ceal embarrassment and to win sympathetic attention, still it seems clear that the intensity, ubiquity and automatism of humor in contemporary American life goes far beyond anything known from history. As sick comedy has established itself as our accustomed way of seeing things, every man has become his own sick comic, with the result that whatever was not ridiculous in our world is now being made so by this uncontrollable mental tic. What an ironic and devastating criticism is implied by this single fact—that in ducking behind the comic mask, we actually believe we are boldly facing reality.

An Oracle of Subocracy

THE BRIGADIER AND THE GOLF WIDOW. By John Cheever. Harper & Row. 275 pp. \$4.95.

James Scully

Mr. Cheever begins *The Brigadier and the Golf Widow* by exclaiming, "O Gogol, O Chekhov, O Thackeray and Dickens, what would you have made of a bomb shelter ornamented with four plaster-of-Paris ducks, a birdbath, and three composition gnomes with long beards and red mobcaps?" Surely those grand shades would have taken it almost in stride; besides, some reader might recall *The Wapshot Scandal*, itself nestled under the atomic toadstool: an opening, gorgeous and quivering mass of prose was blown into a haphazard parade of commonplaces. Cheever's art, ordinarily a barefoot romp, was violated by fits of propaganda.

In the present story collection, however, ideas are more like the moss-covered atoms of Democritus, engulfed by ducks, gnomes and flakings from Italian airs, all cherishable because they are grotesque and native, because they are *ours*. Even Italy sticks to American fingers. The author's magnanimity melts into cultural narcissism.

Cheever himself insists that the bomb shelter and the kitsch sprouting from it are as much a part of his landscape "as the beech and horse-chestnut trees that grow on the ridge." He must be true to daily experience,

James Scully is a poet; his collection of essays by modern poets, *Modern Poetics*, will be published by McGraw-Hill in the fall.

which is exotically suburban: fated less by his limitations than by their charms, Cheever eavesdrops through our world like a convert or a naturalized citizen. For this author, every radio is an enormous one, an ear pressed against the domestic scene, recording the more private bitternesses and nose-pickings. Nothing is sacred, or beyond range, except evil.

In Cheever's suburb disease outruns reality, and infectious hepatitis (like cancer or birth control) is merely a matron's charity-horse, spurred on by a doggedly giddy sense of duty. The heroine, Jill Chidchester Madison of "An Educated American Woman" who has passed through too many European boarding schools and one too many colleges for women; who marries an unintellectual Yale man who wipes the silver while she composes a biography of Flaubert; whose mother has sat at the feet "of Berenson, dear Berenson," while she herself has organized a studious assault on the treasures of Venice; who is so civic-minded that, while she is out like a diminished Mrs. Jellyby, leading a communal triumph over an unscrupulous contractor, at home her unattended son breathes a spot of blood onto his pillow and dies of pneumonia—even *she* is little more than Emma Bovary without genitals.

One suspects, nevertheless, that Cheever has played God with her little boy; plot has never been one of his strengths. He is most characteristic when stepping out from it, either to deliver a temporary moral, or to relish with the reader some of the windfalls and pitfalls of storytelling.

The story itself may seem, at times, only to serve as an occasion for asides. These, in turn, invite comparison with the brigadier general's adulteries, for "what had his emotional life been these last years but a series of sometimes shabby one-night stands, but without them his life would be unendurable."

Still, one measure of Cheever's success is the impunity with which he flourishes, like a bridal bouquet inadvertently caught by the best man, the first person plural. Many readers dislike being spoken for, but in Cheever's works one frequently looks forward to it, to where the tale may wither into a modest truth. As when "time . . . strips us rudely of the privileges of the bystander, and in the end that couple chatting loudly in bad French in the lobby of the Grande Bretagne (Athens) turns out to be us."

But although he often exhibits pre-occupations and sentiments and emotions, he seldom intimates passion or a vision (if we except the likes of "The Death of Justina," parts of *The Wapshot Chronicle*, especially Leander's, and a few depressingly beautiful stories in Cheever's more austere prose of twenty years ago). But again, each moment of "truth" resembles a midsummer night's dream with no coherent or durable reality to cradle it.

Even while protesting otherwise, Cheever tends to blame his world for hamstringing his art, like Neddy Merrill, the hero of *The Swimmer*, who attempts a cross-county swim using the swimming pools of his neighbors and acquaintances:

It was not a serviceable stroke for long distances, but the domestication of swimming had saddled the sport with some customs and in his part of the world a crawl was necessary.

Throw-away lines are really thrown away, and whole stories are heaved over the side . . . an ingenuous gesture. But why make the world safe for subocracy? Or, to recall Conrad Aiken's neat, almost subversive gloss on *The Rape of the Lock*:

*Alas, poor Arabel,
poor woman, poor deluded human,
you
who finick with a fork and eat an
egg,
are you as deep as thought of you is
deep?*

Cheever, alas, has been sucked in, not by the market but by his subject. Is it generosity or sentimentality that

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warms his heart? One is never sure. Like a beachcomber of independent means, Cheever seems to amble through the dried bed of a prehistoric sea, raising shell fragments to his ear in hope of hearing the sound of the veritable ocean, that old *mater dolorosa* of the human condition.

On the other hand, suppose we were

to present him with a body of water? Unweighable, spawning tons of it. His true Penelope might emerge, after all, as a Mr. Nixon on a cream-gilded yacht. At the end of this erratic journey there might be no Ithaca, no home of weather-beaten rock. Just a bowsprit-less stinkpot plugged in at a dock.

Custodians of the Language Convene

Wade Thompson

Do not claim a reward from the world, for you have a right to none. Your reward is in your work. In literature we have the most rewarding field of study in existence. . . . Those who study with joy write in joy; and they find their joyful listeners.

Morris Bishop, President
Modern Language Association,
speaking to the conferees of
the last convention

Last December, in the Statler Hilton Hotel of New York City, a truly remarkable thing transpired. For the 79th consecutive year, the Modern Language Association of America convened to reaffirm its faith in the life of Joy-in-Literature. Considering the high rate of disaffection within MLA's own ranks, one marvels at the continuity of the Faith. Faith like this, I suppose, moves mountains; but before we start moving any, let's take a slightly faithless look at the organization itself.

The Modern Language Association—like the (un) Holy, (non) Roman, (non) Empire—is somewhat misnamed: it is not Modern, it has little to do with Language, and it is anything but an Association. Actually it's a ramshackle collection of some 19,000 professors (mostly English professors), critics, writers, researchers, linguists, bibliographers and assorted scholars, whose interest in literature is second only to their interest in prestige. As such it is divided into a tiny in-group and a vast out-group—each group subdivided indefinitely. The hard-core in-group is composed of distinguished men from the most distinguished institutions, who come to drink and gossip and openly patronize MLA's employment facilities; very few men at Harvard or Yale secured their appointments by using the facilities of the MLA. The gates of the inner sanctum

are carefully guarded, but the out-group persists in trying to sidle in. Occasionally one makes it, providing just enough incentive to keep the rest frantic with the possibilities. The result is a kind of bubbling neuroticism that barely manages to keep itself in check. To understand this thoroughly, let us follow the career of a typical English professor as he makes his arduous trek from the out-group to the In.

Sometime during his early student days, our professor was genuinely smitten with the joys of literature. From the munificent founts of Shakespeare, Keats, Joyce, Eliot, Hemingway, he drank long and deep of what Coleridge calls the "milk of paradise." Once having imbibed the milk, he finds his palate thoroughly spoiled for the grosser gushings of our Great Society, so he decides to become an English professor—a kind of celestial milkman, if you please. With that decision, his troubles begin with thundering promptness.

First he must get a Ph.D. Our novice discovers abruptly that the Ph.D. requirements do not exactly conform to his notion of joy in literature. Quite to the contrary, he's stuck with a series of stupefying courses on "bibliography" and the "tools of research," all designed to prepare him for the writing of his thesis. And then, oh God, the thesis! Hell with joy, there are shoe boxes to be filled with bib cards, committees of readers to be wheedled and satisfied, reams of prose to be ground out, dried out, thoroughly dusted and footnoted, and finally the ludicrous ritual of having to "defend" his thesis after it has already been approved. By the time he's through, our hero has caught on to the greatest nonsecret in the trade—the Ph.D. thesis generally is a graveyard of stillborn ideas. And no wonder! By the time they finish it the quickening joy for most has long been quenched.

While he's getting that happy hurdle

out of the way, our man has already begun his early years of teaching. He has graded tons of freshman English themes, each beginning: "In this atomic age sitting in our comfortable homes with the threat of war hanging over our heads we students must consider occasionally how we can escape from the tensions of our lives. . . ." If our professor can keep his sanity, he will recognize that the freshman English course—however grueling to teach—can be one of the most valuable courses any student will ever take. But he also must recognize that the course is despised by the Establishment; only the riffraff is delegated to teach it.

Then our hero must Publish or Perish—assuming he hasn't already perished. Early publishing usually means reburying a part of his Ph.D. thesis in one of the deadly little scholarly periodicals that keep librarians awake nights wondering when it will all end. (All scholarly periodicals are not worthless—only most of them.) Sooner or later he must entertain notions of publishing in the *Publication of the Modern Language Association*—the deadliest of all. This requires exceptional skill. I personally have published in PMLA and can testify to the excruciating pains which must be taken to punctuate meaningless footnotes, and to twist each phrase so that it becomes almost, but not quite, unreadable.

If this job isn't done perfectly, our fledgling professor receives an explanatory letter of rejection which he can use as a model of obscurity for his future endeavors—"our specialist-reader found in your manuscript little awareness of the complexity of such investigation. Let us grant your author's peculiarities. Still one cannot judge him until one knows him. The paper is reductive; is not sufficiently informed." This is PMLA-ese for: "more footnotes please, and a bit more twisted phraseology." And so try again. (Incidentally, that rejection letter is not manufactured parody; I received it myself only a few days ago—just in time to be included here.)

Meanwhile, back in the classroom, our professor faces other problems. If he is unfortunate enough to be passably good looking he's likely to attract the interest of certain young ladies who find him irresistible—or at least who want to get a good grade. If our friend gets caught at succumbing to the obvious, he commits what is known as "moral turpitude," the most

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heinous sin in all Academia, worse than not publishing. If he's cagy, though, he can court one of the young temptresses on the sly, and pop up one day married. Morally, this is the non-turpitudinous thing to do, and nobody will ever ask how the hell he managed to get the courting out of the way.

But there are other problems. For one thing he probably doesn't like where he lives. Most English professors regard the vast inland of America the Beautiful as the land of the Babbits and the home of the booboisie. Our hero wants to move to New York, New England or California. This creates serious log jams, with ludicrous results. Long Island University, for example, is located in Brooklyn Heights (high desirability area). Its salary scale is scandalous; its buildings are hideous; its classrooms are jammed to the rafters; its administration is antediluvian to say the least, *but* it can still recruit a first-rate English staff. People will put up with LIU long before they'll put up with South Dakota.

And always the big problem—salary. At the age of 30, our hero finds himself trying to support his wife (ex-temptress) and two kids on the monumental largess of \$6,435 per annum. "Do not claim a reward from the world, for you have a right to none," he keeps telling himself. But since he can't quite get that worldly reward business out of his head, he sneakily starts writing a novel, roaring with sex, which he intends to sell under a pseudonym to showman Joseph Levine for a modest \$250,000. This, mixed with the milk of paradise, would make life complete.

Meanwhile he treks annually to the MLA conference to try his luck at getting in. Now this in-getting business is filled with anfractuosities. Your credentials may be glittering, but if you haven't gone to the right school and taught at the right places, and if you don't know the right people, your chances are virtually nil. You've got to wear the right clothes and have exactly the right air of worldly wisdom mixed with exactly the right amount of enthusiasm for literature. Moreover, the rules keep changing all the time. At the last convention, for example, the in-keepers came up with a brand-new term—"shopworn." A man is shopworn if he has been employed by too many institutions—like a lady employed by too many men. (Personally, I am so thoroughly shopworn that I long ago turned professional. But I suppose the best advice I could give to

a virginal aspirant is—tease, but don't put out; keep your legs crossed and your eye on the main chance. Next year, though, the advice may change.)

Nobody ever gets an in-job directly. You have to pressure the man who supervised your thesis, or somebody of comparable stature. If he likes you, he begins waltzing around with his fellow in-keepers, discreetly bandying your name about until eventually some-

body catches on to the notion that you're available. It's a complicated strip tease, and it may take years. Even the semantics are tortuous: if you're recommended "with little hesitation," you're not recommended at all. If you're "adored by the students" you're a bubble-head. If your book makes "a real contribution to the field"—that means that nobody can possibly get through it. Etc., etc.

The Backside of the Academy

Five brick panels, three small windows, six lions' heads with rings in their mouths, five pairs of closed bronze doors —

the shut wall with the words carved across its head

ART REMAINS THE ONE WAY POSSIBLE OF SPEAKING TRUTH. —

On this May morning, light swimming in this street, the children running, on the church beside the Academy the lines are flying

of little yellow-and-white plastic flags flapping in the light;

and on the great shut wall, the words are carved across:

WE ARE YOUNG AND WE ARE FRIENDS OF TIME. —

Below that, a light blue asterisk in chalk

and in white chalk, Hector, Joey, Lynn, Rudolfo.

A little up the street, a woman shakes a small dark boy,

she shouts What's wrong with you, ringing that bell!

In this street of rape and singing, poems, small robberies,

carved in an oblong panel of the stone:

CONSCIOUS UTTERANCE OF THOUGHT BY SPEECH OR ACTION

TO ANY END IS ART. —

On the lowest reach of the walls are chalked the words: Jack is a object,

Walter and Trina, Goo Goo, I love Trina,

and further along Viva Fidel now altered to Muera Fidel.

A deep blue marble is lodged against the curb.

A phone booth on one corner; on the other, the big mesh basket for trash.

Beyond them, the little park is always locked. For the two soldier brothers,

And past that goes on an eternal football game

which sometimes, as on this day in May, transforms to stickball

as, for one day in May,

five pairs of closed bronze doors will open

and the Academy of writers, sculptors, painters, composers, their guests and publishers will all roll in and

the wave of organ music come rolling out into

The street where light now blows and papers and little children and words, some breezes of Spanish blow and many colors of people.

A watch cap lies fallen against a cellophane which used to hold pistachio nuts and here before me, on my street,

five brick panels, three small windows, six lions' heads with rings in their mouths, five pairs of closed bronze doors,

light flooding the street I live and write in; and across the river the one

word **FREE** against the ferris wheel and the roller coaster,

and here, painted upon the stones, Ghino, Bobby, Joey, Fatmoma, Willy, Holy of God

and also Margaret is a shit and also fuck and shit;

far up, invisible at the side of the building:

WITHOUT VISION THE PEO

and on the other side, the church side,

where shadows of trees and branches, this day in May, are printed balanced on the church wall,

in-focus trunks and softened-focus branches

below the roof where the two structures stand,

bell and cross, antenna and weathervane,

I can see past the church the words of an ending line:

IVE BY BREAD ALONE.

Muriel Rukeyser

The NATION

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N.

Let's assume, however, that our hero somehow gets in. He lands a job at Princeton. In all probability he got his job not through the organized facilities of MLA but almost despite them, for it's bad form to depend on procedures the state universities must exploit. Nevertheless, the convention atmosphere is suddenly exhilarating and his mother is very proud of him. Then it occurs to him that most successful men of letters—the real custodians of the language—do not even bother with MLA. Irving Howe was at the last convention, and so was Alfred Kazin, but very few of their caliber. For the most part, the prime movers of our literature—Stanley Hyman, Bernard Malamud, Lionel Trilling, Babette Deutsch, Saul Bellow, Daniel Hughes, Terry Southern, William Styron, et al.—practically never publish in PMLA, don't care about it at all, and some may not even know what it is.

As I said before, MLA is hardly an association in any sense of the word. If it were truly concerned with the welfare of its members, it could easily engage in a bit of militant unionism to alleviate the general idiosyncrasy. A letter could go out to every college president in the country to this effect: "Dear Sir: Hereafter if you wish to employ MLA members, will you kindly see to it that they get the following worldly rewards—a, b, c and d. Otherwise we will have to instruct our members not to teach at your institution. Where you get the money is not our concern. We happen to enjoy a sellers' market today, and we intend to take advantage of that fact. Love, MLA."

But this simple idea will never even be entertained. MLA lives vertically, not horizontally. Prestige is more important even than cash—so most members get neither.

Is MLA, then, worthless? It performs certain useful functions—in research, in grants, in forums—which I for one would hate to see dispensed with. But as The Going Literary Establishment, it is—well, I can only describe it by employing a Homeric simile:

On the island of Puerto Rico, unbeknownst to most Americans, there is a monstrous U.S. military Establishment. A goodly 13 per cent of all arable land on that overpopulated island is taken up with assorted guns, mortars, soldiers, sailors, colonels, golf clubs for the colonels, firing ranges, airplanes, nuclear bombs, sentries, and other accouterments of annihilation; and every

day the rest of the island gets peaceably inundated with hordes of spick-and-span warriors valiantly determined to defend the sacred soil of Puerto Rico with champagne corks and golf balls. Nobody can figure out what the military is actually doing there. The Puerto Ricans face no threat from any quarter—not even from Fidel the Infernal; yet they are the best “defended” people on earth. Well, are they happy in their defense? They know only too

well that their defenders have transformed this lovely island into an all too logical target in case of nuclear war, and they wish to hell that some explanation were forthcoming. Still the Establishment is there in all its gross uselessness, and the Puerto Ricans must live, or die, with it—like it or not.

So the Modern Language Association. It's There, all right. But exactly why?

Mr. Rand finds his “renaissance” largely in the activity of individual men, whom he dubs “academic entrepreneurs.” These, he describes at some length. His analyses lack subtlety—adjectives like “alert” and “articulate” recur with painful regularity; sartorial details preoccupy the author to an embarrassing extent. His descriptions of academic “shops,” shorthand for laboratories and centers, even when there is physical machinery to describe, give little sense of what contemporary research in either the natural or the social sciences accomplishes. There is a curious flatness in these accounts precisely because they touch only surfaces.

Tourist in Academe

CAMBRIDGE, U.S.A.: *Hub of a New World*. By Christopher Rand. Oxford University Press. 195 pp. \$4.50.

Stephen R. Graubard

This book is about a “renaissance,” said to be taking place at this time in and around Cambridge, Mass. Christopher Rand wrote these essays originally for *The New Yorker*. One assumes, at least on reading the first pages, that he may have intended them ironically. Talk of “the faceless U.S. Government and the great impersonal foundations”—the patrons of the “renaissance”—and of “academic entrepreneurs,” who are “men of affairs as well as learning,” suggests at least the possibility of a tongue-in-cheek attitude. One is encouraged to read on; the illusion, unhappily, is quickly dispelled. There is no ironical intention here. Mr. Rand has constructed an imaginary Cambridge, believes in what he describes, and is terribly impressed with it all. Without knowing it, he has produced a caricature of a world whose mysteries are few and whose meaning ought not to have escaped the eye of a keen observer prepared to do something more than visit and make “on site” inspections.

It is difficult for this reviewer to judge the accuracy of Mr. Rand's description of the industrial development that has occurred along Route 128. When, however, he comes to describe Harvard and M.I.T., the institutions which most preoccupy him, there is vast confusion and oversimplification. Rand starts by saying: “Harvard's motto is *Veritas*, or ‘Truth.’ M.I.T.'s is *Mens et Manus*, or ‘Mind and Hand.’ These words are not meaningless. Harvard makes a tremendous thing of the search for truth (and the teaching of it) as such, with the practical gains of discovery played down. M.I.T., in contrast, is all out for the practical gains and for sharing them with the business community.” This, an explicit and meaningful distinction, is in fact inaccurate. The author, knowing this, soon abandons his mottoes, points out that Karl Compton began in the early 1930s at M.I.T. to support “a lot of basic (truth-for-its-own-sake) scientific teaching and research,” and that Compton's successor as president, James R. Killian, Jr., expanded the curriculum in the social sciences and in the humanities. The author's conclusion about Harvard and M.I.T. becomes the following: “Each has influenced the other a lot in recent years, at all levels. Each emulates the other, here or there, and they draw together. But they cannot be the same thing.” This is not a very revealing account of what either institution is or does at this moment. The thunder of the original statement is reduced to a meaningless generalization which conveys little of the character of either institution. Examples like this could be multiplied many times. We learn that “Harvard scientists lean toward sponsored research but still hold many patents and do many things of practical use.” What has become of the *Veritas* and *Mens et Manus* distinction? It has been conveniently forgotten.

Mr. Rand wants us to believe that the “renaissance” has produced “a new caste, not unlike the Brahmin caste of India.” This is Madison Avenue language; it misses the point about what is happening on numerous campuses and in many research centers throughout America today. It is the sort of “jazz” that serves as a substitute for analysis of real ties which exist between certain governmental agencies in Washington and the universities. Research is not a matter of producing useful gadgets, ideas or schemes for which the consumer is “someone” in the White House or the Pentagon. That such work goes on in our universities is undeniable. It is, however, only a small fraction of what is being attempted.

To describe a modern scientific laboratory or a research center in a university involves some understanding of the relations between a professor and his colleagues, between a professor and his students, between those who administer the institution and others outside who give support to its efforts; between what occurs in one center and what happens half a world away where analogous research is going forward. It involves a study of how publication disseminates knowledge and how such knowledge comes to be used. It has to do with libraries, documentation centers and the scores of other institutions that preserve records. Professional and learned societies, their meetings and conferences, are certainly as important for modern scientific inquiry as the fact that jet propulsion makes world travelers of many academics. These, however, are not matters in which Mr. Rand is much interested in this book.

Stephen R. Graubard is the editor of *Daedalus* published by the American Academy of Arts and Sciences.

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Jazz at the Judson

A. B. Spellman

The Jazz Composer's Guild is one of the best ideas that jazz musicians have had in several years. Jazz musicians are in such a hole in America that they might as well produce their own concerts and records even though such a project requires considerable sacrifice and organization on the part of the musicians along with a kind of discipline that jazz musicians, like most artists, are not accustomed to (especially if one considers the reaction that could be expected from club and record company owners and the rest of the entrepreneurs of the bebop business). But, the argument goes, there is nothing to lose in an industry in which there are a few thousand qualified applicants for every job, and no automation on which to blame the shortage.

For the *avant-garde* the problem is even more acute than for other jazz men. Musicians who are involved with altering the accepted contours of jazz improvisation toward the creation of a new, or dynamically developing music with concert status, must still consider concomitantly the creation of a paying audience for that music. There are indications that this audience exists and could be mobilized to relieve some of the strain of displacement that such innovators are heir to if the musicians themselves could be mobilized. That is, John Coltrane, Cecil Taylor and Ornette Coleman already have cults of listeners who follow them from job to job (engagements are rare, however, for Taylor and Coleman) and these cults, collectively, might well be large enough to support a comprehensive and sympathetically presented series of *avant-garde* jazz programs.

This is what the Jazz Composer's Guild was supposed to accomplish, and their first two series of programs have proved the idea is sound, the music dynamic and the audience real.

The Guild was conceived by trumpeter Bill Dixon and pianist Cecil Taylor and expedited primarily by Dixon. In October, there was a series of concerts and panel discussions held at a small uptown club called the Cellar which they entitled The October Revolution in Jazz. The Jazz Composer's Guild had not yet been organized, but the idea for the October Revolution,

the Guild's progenitor, was Dixon's. Almost everybody who's doing anything at all in the way of *avant-garde* jazz in New York passed through the Cellar during these programs, if not to play, then to participate in the panels or to listen. The admission was set at \$1 so that all the faithful could afford it. The attendance was far greater than anyone had expected; the Cellar was crowded far past capacity at almost every performance, hundreds of people were turned away during the four days in which the program started at 4 o'clock in the afternoon and ended at 3 o'clock in the morning. Dozens of significant but unknown musicians played: tenor saxophonist Farrell Saunders, trumpeter-composer Mike Mantler, alto saxophonist Guiseppe Logan, drummer Milford Graves, to name a few. The panels were penetrating and significant. Critics like Martin Williams and Nat Hentoff, musicians like Cecil Taylor and Archie Shepp, and producers like Teo Macero discussed such topics as race and music, the economics of jazz, and the decline of the American folk tradition.

The obvious success of the October Revolution series prompted Dixon and Taylor to call a meeting to consider an organization that could take *avant-garde* jazz as far as it can go. It was decided that, for organizational purposes, only those musicians who had organized their own groups would form the original Guild. Others could be brought in later. It was also decided that, to prevent the Guild from getting hung up in doting off a few success-

ful musicians, several musicians who are known to have points of view similar to that of the Guild, such as John Coltrane, Max Roach and Charlie Mingus, would be left out until the organization was viable.

As so often happens in the early stages of organizations of this type—where essentially nonpolitical people decide to alter their social environment to fit their needs—it was found that the awareness of what had to be done to change the industry was keener than even Dixon and Taylor had believed. Nobody had to be told that bartenders aren't the best people to control the fattest part of the job market. It was easy to decide to declare war on the jazz clubs because *avant-garde* musicians get those jobs so rarely anyway. Dixon said, "If we can get it together, maybe we can get over this hang-up of taking these Monday night jobs the club owners give you after they've paid the rent, the graft, the whiskey bill, and made their profit off the week-ends, and are trying to make the phone bill off you on the worst night. Hell, you have to beg for these Monday nights like they were doing you a favor." Likewise agents, "Who needs agents? Dizzy (Gillespie) said a long time ago that you have to keep reminding yourself to remind the agents that it's you who keeps them in business. Besides, they won't touch anything that's new and different anyway, so what do we have to lose? It's not that hard to set up a mailing list, rent a hall and put on your own concert."

It was decided that Guild members would submit completely to the ethics of the Guild. No one would take a job, recording or playing, without the approval of the Guild. The Guild would

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A. B. Spellman is a poet and jazz critic; he has published articles in *Monthly Review* and *Revolution*.

February 8, 1965

dedicate itself to becoming self-sufficient. The members would pool their musical and financial resources toward improving the lot of members and extending the forms of jazz. The Guild is, in short, to be modeled on the medieval craft guilds and not on the modern trade unions.

"The whole industry is watching us," Dixon said. "We are obviously not just a bunch of junkies but serious musicians trying to take care of some serious business. We've already shown that we can draw a large number of the jazz audience, and anybody we pull to one of our affairs, we naturally pull away from some jazz bar. If we can get it together, and I'm not at all sure that all the cats are ready to give up what they'll have to give up to make this thing work, but if we can get it together, then when some record company wants to record us, together or in part, then we can hold them up for, say, \$20,000 for the contract and buy ourselves a building. But we have to really be working to call that play."

The Judson Hall concerts on December 28, 29, and 31 were together indeed. Eight different groups, eight very different groups were presented under the most favorable conditions imaginable: before capacity and near-capacity audiences which were vocally sympathetic to the great bulk of the music played. Judson Hall is just large enough to fit a concert format and still retain the intimate feeling that jazz musicians and their audiences are accustomed to. The audiences at these concerts, as they are in most downtown and midtown *avant-garde* jazz concerts, were about two-thirds white, and a great many of those Negroes present were jazz musicians. (Someone, someday will put on some *avant-garde* concerts in Harlem and Bedford-Stuyvesant to relieve some of the alienation from black communities the post-bop revolutionists are experiencing.)

There was too much music to treat in the space here. It is also probable that most of the musicians are unfamiliar names, and so I will not discuss the origins of the forty or so musicians who performed. But I will attempt a chronology of who performed and how they played.

December 28: An overflow crowd came to hear the Bill Dixon and Cecil Taylor quintets. The crowd consisted largely of the Cecil Taylor cult which appears wherever Cecil plays. Then why doesn't he get more work? You tell me.

The Dixon group opened, and I have to say frankly that Dixon is a far better

organizer than musician. His compositions are pretty good—hip, up to date and intelligent. But it seems that every time I hear him he is overshadowed by most (in this case all) of the men in his band. His playing is unusually sparse for a trumpet player who leads, sparse in content, volume and length. He plays mostly long sustained notes deliberately placed just outside the chord, so quiet that you have to strain to hear. It sounded to me like he has to play this way because, as the musicians say, his chops are down: his lips are too soft because of lack of practice.

Cecil Taylor is something else again. Every time I go to hear him, I leave

with the preposterous feeling that I have been listening to the only serious pianist in the world, bar none, of any genre. Cecil's jazz has been heavily influenced by European music, contemporary and classical, as exemplified by the trio piece with which he opened his half of the evening. Cecil's part was an almost choreographed waving of Japanese wooden chimes and a strumming of piano strings. It was a successful enough work, and would have been an ear opener if it had been done by any other jazz pianist, but on Cecil it seemed a bit academic.

From there it was mostly thunder. Cecil's keyboard approach is highly

from THE PRONOUNS—40 Dances—for the Dancers

10th Dance — Coming on as a Horn — 2/20/64

Thou comest by.

& then thou goest about between & through unserious-seeming goings-on,
& thou hammerest.

Presently thou art making a bridge & giving it to someone,
& making decisions.

Thou gettest out with things,
& thou gettest insects.

Thou comest against something or thou fearest things.

Thou dost something in the manner of a sister whose mind is happy & willing,
thou writest with a bad pen,
& either thou hast curves or thou hast to put weight on a bird,
while thou putttest something slow under an insect,
& thou hast or seem'st to have serious holes,
albeit thine ending be one wherein thou reactest to orange hair.

11th Dance — Doing Things To Make a Meal — 2/20-1/64

Ye do something consciously,
even as ye go about & come across art.

& as ye're doing waiting,
& ye're each being a fly,
ye're each of ye going about being a unit.

& as one of ye hath the chest between two things,
the rest of ye're saying things about making gardens.

How soon each of ye're doing something in the manner of a sister whose mind is
going over things, [happy & willing,
doing something consciously,
& naming things!

& then ye boil delicate things,
& ye make thunder though ye're taking pigs somewhere,
& mouthing,
& making things new.

Ye make trousers,
& ye make payments,
& then ye let an impulse do something through ye.

Finally ye're mapping,
& making meat before heat,
the while ye're reasoning regularly.

& all this time ye're doing things to make a meal.

Jackson Mac Low

The NATION

percussive, and so powerful that he has blown many an unready horn player off the stage. The band that played at the Judson was ready and responsive, and familiar enough with the Taylor melodies and counter melodies, shifting rhythms and polyrhythms to be able to get their own music across within the context of Cecil's concept in a manner at least as convincing as I have heard from them playing in less demanding groups. Cecil has done more than any modern jazz musician I can think of toward getting a broad range of different kinds of feeling in a given work. He sets up dialogues on various levels of intensity between all the possible combinations of instruments, and his own pianistic commentary during another member's solo is always usefully provocative. And Cecil's solos are, as I said, quite unlike anything else in modern keyboard music. Cecil Taylor penetrates areas of keyboard improvisation that no other pianist approaches.

On December 29, two compositions for The Jazz Composer's Guild Orchestra, by Mike Mantler and Carla Bley, and a composition for the Paul Bley quintet were performed. This concert and the last one were quite successfully presented in the round.

The Mantler piece was somewhat uneven, but had more than enough good moments to make it worth it. The orchestra consisted of eleven pieces, all soloists of varying stature. Mantler's soloing and composition show a sense of structure and a use of broad intervals in his line. Mantler made good use in the ensemble sections of gradual crescendos above Milford Graves's frenetic drumming, followed by a falling away into individual voicings.

Carla Bley wrote fine pieces for the quintet and the closing ensemble. The quintet did some well-integrated blowing, fiery in parts and pensive in others. In the final orchestral composition, Mrs. Bley showed that she has a mature and imaginative mind, weaving her lines in and out of the various sections, setting up dialogues in the various parts of the group, merging them all in the end.

Archie Shepp opened the third night with a hard-blowing quintet of talented young musicians. Shepp dominates this group. His style is hard and overpowering and, talented as they are, this group does not push him, though with a few months' rehearsal and working, most of these men will be able to challenge him.

Shepp's soloing is long and breath-taking. He plays a new kind of blues,

committed to the new "free" improvisation that does not conform to the classical tonal and rhythmic strictures. He is unusual among the new tenor players in that he doesn't seem to be particularly influenced by his contemporaries. He once told me that his principal influence was Eddie "Lockjaw" Davis, a tenor man who matured in the thirties. Archie's sound is guttural, his inflections are hard but slurred. He wants to move you with every tune, and most often he does.

Marion Brown, the alto saxophonist with the Shepp band, is almost as old-timey as the leader. In *I Am Pretty* from *West Side Story*, the only tune in the set that was not an original composition, Brown played one long, romantic solo over the bass and drum that set the audience off. With a driving rhythm behind him, Brown seemed to be compressing what wanted to be frenzy into a painful lyric, which finally exploded into a violent wailing.

The Free Form Improvisation Ensemble closed out the evening, and I have to say that I don't see why they were included in this series. They seem to play on the conservatory level with more selected copying than innovation. Much of their music has little to do with jazz as such, which is certainly their business, except that I raise the issue to ask, Why were they here? Dixon says he didn't want the Guild to be thought an all-black organization, which seems to me an unnecessary hang up, especially since more than ten white musicians appeared in the series, and since two other groups were lead by white musicians.

I am not calling the FFIE untalented or pretentious, but immature. Their music is still a few years away.

The first group to play on the final night, New Year's Eve, was the Sun Ra Arkestra, and they present a reviewer with a difficult problem: how to render a sympathetic appraisal for what was one of the more exciting parts of the entire series without making this group seem either utterly insane or sickeningly corny?

Sun Ra might be called a primitive for the same reason that H. Rousseau was mistakenly called a primitive because of his choice of images. Sun Ra works out of a philosophy having to do with space and planets which he and his acolytes take quite seriously. This leads him to some really wild and original effects in his music, though it sometimes gets in the way, as when the musicians start talking in the middle of the piece about getting off at Jupiter and about Martian water lilies.

Yet, in these instances the spoken word itself will have a musical value, as Sun Ra's concept is well worked out, though the words will have no literary value to anyone except Sun Ra's people. His musicians were in African costumes, and they did a good deal of walking around under blinking, multi-colored lights. Almost everyone doubled up on two or more instruments, including some that Sun Ra had invented and some others he had found and converted—a conch, for example, and a tuned bull's horn.

Yet, yet . . . well, you had to be there. . . .

The John Tchichai-Roswell Rudd quartet closed out the series. I have heard this group play much better, but they are never a bore and did some beautiful things that evening. This is a group that is built on collective improvisation with highly developed group communication. Rudd plays a moving, slurring trombone that is about the most interesting I know of. He has taken that underused instrument out of its J. J. Johnson impasse and given it some entirely new uses.

John Tchichai is a Danish Negro who somehow came to sound a lot like Ornette Coleman. He and Rudd have realized a close kind of playing that is very difficult to come by. They complete and complement each other and work very little with solo playing.

These were the Four Nights in December. As I indicated, there are disciplinary problems the J. C. G. may not be able to overcome, but the point has already been proved, and must be proved again, finally.

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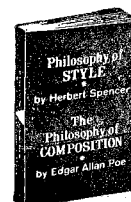
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ANDY BANANA PEEL

There is a soft streak in American writing, of which the Richard Sarafian movie, *Andy*, is the most extreme recent example. The thesis in this tendency is that something striking and edifying can be made from the lives of people so dull of mind and leaden of spirit that in real life they would be incapable of attracting the most cursory attention. These presumably are the sparrows whose fall does not occur unnoticed by God; they are intended perhaps to take significance from the very incongruity of having been selected—as an *avant-garde* gallery will hang in the place of honor an elaborately framed pair of dungarees. Their souls may be immortal but their dramatic relevance is nonexistent.

I do not imply from this that fiction should be married to some elite, should concern itself exclusively with masters and heroes, with Jane Austen's families of most elegant discrimination. The habitués of O'Neill's *The Iceman Cometh* are absorbing and tragic, both aesthetically and instructively; Beckett's derelict clowns are the spokesmen of epic verse; Pinter's lodgers embrace human experience, and only last month I was praising *Nothing But A Man* almost without res-

ervation. But such work of dramatic insight and human allegiance is a world apart from the allegation that deprivation and squalor of mind and spirit are artistically rewarding in themselves. That is the assumption behind *Of Mice and Men* and much else of Steinbeck, behind the mawkish and popular *Marty*; it is summed up in the entirely unproved central assertion of *Death of a Salesman* that "attention must be paid to such a man."

And so we are given *Andy*, a very seriously made "art film" (gulls wheel in the gray sky to set the tone of elevated cliché) about a high-grade moron whose dull parents so love what they have created that they cannot bear the idea of putting it into an institution. In the first place, the question of what should be done with Andy is a "situation" only because no one in the film has the slightest imagination or resolution. This 250-pound man has the motor responses of a decerebrated bullock; he leaps and charges unpredictably, he gives off imitative noises and he has a tendency to break things that interest him. I don't agree that there is anything touching in encounters between such a man and young children; it is simply dangerous. And I don't believe that he had normal congress with a whore who picked him up in the street; the picture is false not only in its premise but in its details.

Andy is a cripple used for sentimental purposes; his parents are absolutely typical of the soft streak—monuments of stupidity. I suppose they are pathetic, I suppose one should be sorry for them, and I am forced to believe that Mr. Sarafian thinks being sorry

for one's intellectual inferiors is a valid theatrical experience. I found it utterly tedious and morally distasteful.

It should be said that the cast of *Andy* is excellent. In addition to Mr. Alden, who is convincing except that, perhaps inevitably, his eyes give him away in the close-ups, Tamara Daykarhonova and Zvee Scooler are meticulously circumstantial as the yearning parents; Sudie Bond, a young actress who has shown in Albee's off-Broadway works her talent for binding the most grotesque characterizations to us by a thread of recognition, is the isolated, drink-sodden whore. It is a cast far superior to the run of American movie personnel, which makes the occasion only the more regrettable.

American film interests, which have lost much of their initiative to overseas producers, have done what Detroit did about those nimble little foreign cars—they have invested in the foreign imagination they could not emulate. One result in pictures is the international-style crook-chase comedy, which may come from Italy, France, England (and now I understand Japan), but which adheres to a U.S.-tested recipe: attractive young stars, elegant surroundings, de luxe travel (many pretty resort shots), quick-witted arrogance and moral gimmickry. Jean-Paul Belmondo, now appearing opposite Jeanne Moreau in *Banana Peel*, is being rather overworked in this genre. I was entertained by the picture—it entertains me every time I see it, under whatever title—but from now on I am going to review its recurrent production with ditto marks. Also, I recall that Belmondo is an actor of inner subtlety as well as physical grace, one brilliantly responsive to the pathology of a rootless society, and I hope he is not going to romp his talents away in pursuit of the American carrot.

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Night in the Woods

The pebble grains of village road in birchbark sandals
 wayward dewdrops of rocks
 From the bold shadows of the moon I raise
 to my peaceful moment a mystic painting to my lips:

On top of the mountain under my head under the moon
 stars true and soft moss

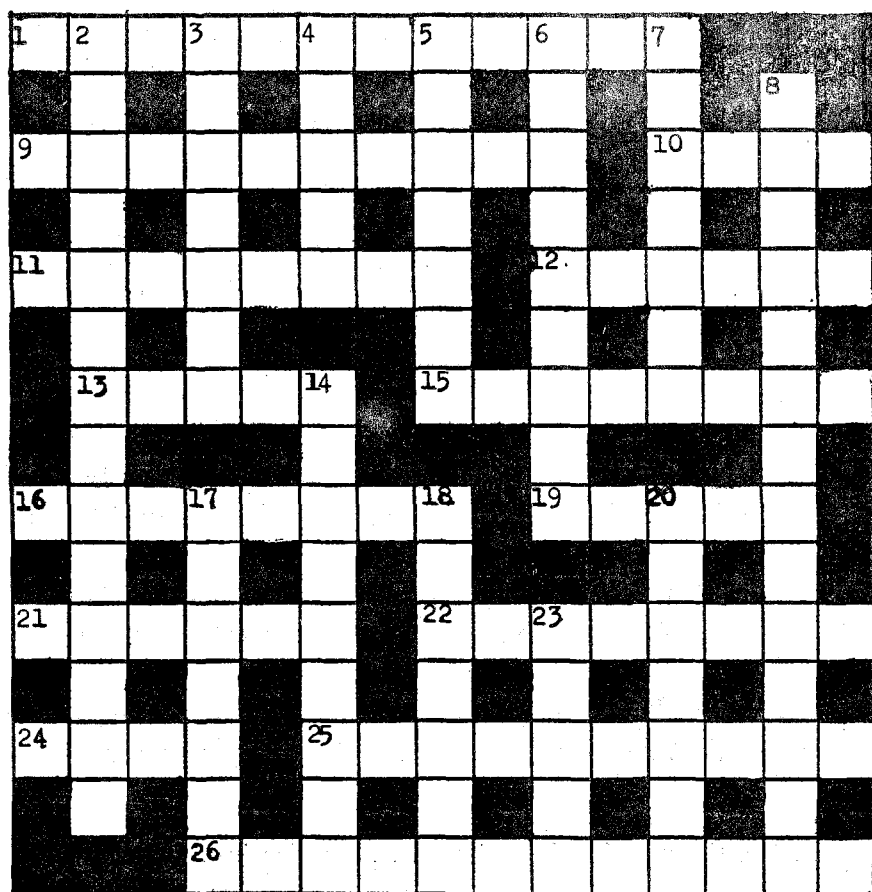
Crickets in the valleys play-awake in the summer
 joyous whiz and clear across the waters clearest

the grey trunks hold out to the sheaf worms
 juicy trunks in the early morning
 soft twigs to the tired birds.

Kalevi Lappalainen

Crossword Puzzle No. 1092

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

- 1 Though it might be big, a chinless sort is rather sparing with words. (5, 7)
- 9 Certainly not an underlining of what the judge might be doing (10)
- 10 Bombastic, but the sort of act is missing which makes it potentially dangerous. (4)
- 11 Brought on by the consequences of getting to dine late, for a change. (8)
- 12 Character of the uncultivated state. (6)
- 13 Result seen in between Suez crises? (5)
- 15 The ridgepole can be made root-free without disturbing it much. (8)
- 16 Besides, what Oliver wanted gets finished! (8)
- 19 Pinero said from forty to fifty a man is at heart either a this or a satyr. (5)
- 21 Wooden vessel. (6)
- 22 Ecclesiastes followed these. (8)
- 24 In such case, one might have a point! (4)
- 25 Does the proper alternative get laid back at the very beginning? (10)
- 26 What happens after the poor statistician sees black come up, quite often? (Old truths are many times!) (12)

DOWN:

- 2 It might be requested by many successful authors to move the king or queen. (7, 7)
- 3 One might make raids on this, as raiders might make. (7)
- 4 Orwell said all animals are, but some animals are more than others. (5)
- 5 Molar that might be associated with a monkey. (7)
- 6 Using one, I could be rather clever! (9)
- 7 Where one naturally stays for a little in a topper, perhaps. (7)
- 8 Put on in the park? (9, 5)
- 14 Perhaps a deep novel, but covered the contents well. (9)
- 17 Relatively 25. (7)
- 18 The material rests evidently in the answers given. (7)
- 20 On the slate too long? (7)
- 23 Molding a series of circles with numbers to separate them? (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1091

ACROSS: 1 Confessions; 9 Shut down; 10 Paving; 11 Arsenic; 12 Foul tip; 14 Myopia; 15 Viet Cong; 17 Launcher; 20 Rarely; 22 Elegize; 24 Strikes; 27 Off-color; 28 Tossed salad.
DOWN: 3 Florida; 4, 2 and 25 Song of the Open Road; 5 Implode; 6 Novel; 7 Sherry; 8 and 26 Indian summer; 13 Ivory; 16 Carcinoma; 18 Ablaut; 19 Hazards; 20 Ratafia; 21 Lie low; 23 Gumbo.

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